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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Robert Holles—the army was tougher in his day

THE old school seemed a different place when Robert Holles, a JOHN BULL writer, went back a few weeks ago. There was a TV set in the canteen, sumptuous food in the mess, and a woman welfare officer to solve the boys' problems.

"Things were tougher in my day," says Holles, a sergeant-major's son, who arrived at the Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, as a new boy in 1941. "I was plunged straight into a room full of older boys. My first spell of defaulters was a direct result of an old stager in the next bed shovelling his rubbish under mine."

After three years at Arborfield, Holles joined R.E.M.E. as an armourer. In Korea he was armourer sergeant to the Glosters, and was saved from capture in the Imjin River Battle by a dozen damaged rifles. Holles collected the rifles and returned to the workshops for new ones. While he was away the Chinese struck. Holles told the story of that battle in the first British book on the Korean war, *Now Thrive The Armourers.*

His first article for us—on Korean refugees—was scribbled in an army notebook in a tent at Uijongbu. Later he typed a final draft on a typewriter that he found on an abandoned American dump. "The only snag," says Holles, "was that the machine had Korean characters. We soon fixed that in the workshop."

Holles, a soft-spoken, studious man of thirty, left the army last year to devote himself to full-time writing. His first novel was published a year ago; his fifth JOHN BULL article begins on page 16. Now, at the three hundred year old cottage in Essex where he lives with his wife and two young sons, he is busy on a novel about army life. "It begins where I did—at an army apprentices' school."

WHEN artist Harry Zelinski got the idea for this week's cover he was delighted with it. Yet it took him more than a year to paint the picture. "The trouble was," he explains, "that I liked the idea too much."

Normally brisk and matter-of-fact in his approach to his work ("no art for art's sake for me"), Zelinski confesses that he had to meditate on the theme of this cover for many months. And he enjoyed doing so. Even when the meadows around his home at Lewes in Sussex were white with frost, there were buttercups at the back of his mind. And gradually the painting took shape.

Zelinski is an easy-going family man who enjoys being lazy. But when the subject of bringing up children is mentioned he is roused. With two daughters of his own—Diana is ten and Pauline eight—he speaks from experience and has decided opinions. "Though I'm only thirty-four," he says, "I'm quite a stern Victorian papa. For one thing, I don't approve of all these new-fangled toys and entertainments for children. They should find their own." And that's one more reason why Zelinski got so fond of the cover painting: for it depicted just the sort of game he liked his own daughters to play.

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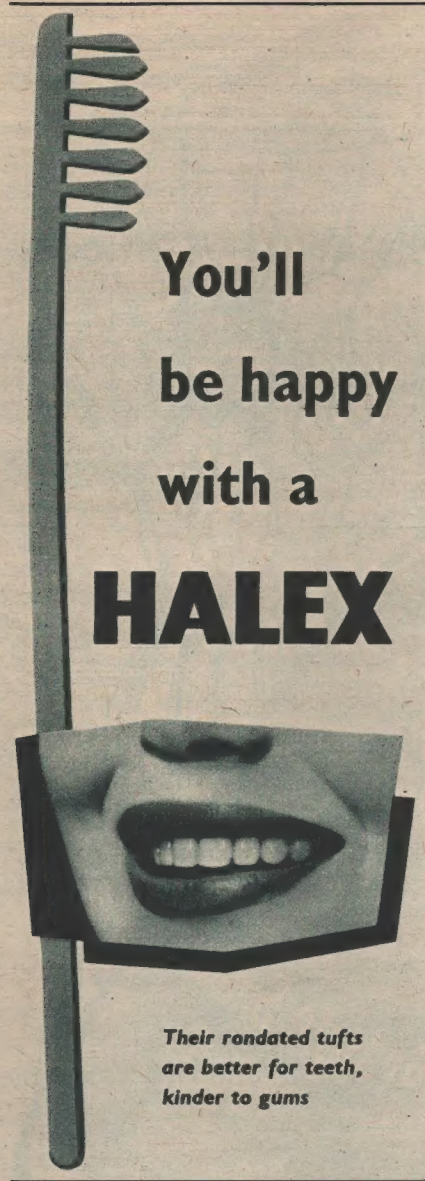

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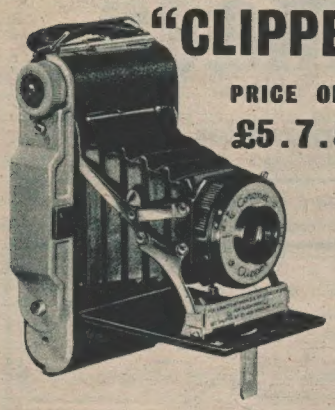

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Free Speech

- Ringing the changes for the best
- Foundation for Britain's new homes
- Children who cannot have anaesthetics

EVERY eighteen months for the past ten years we have changed all our regular tradesmen. The result is that for ten years we have had staggeringly good service.

The initial reaction of all our new tradesmen has always been the red carpet treatment and the will to please. The meat is tender and tasty, the greengrocery is fresh, the milk comes early and the bread is almost buttered. This attitude persists for several months; then the service gradually becomes slacker until, with the fish thought to be safely in the net, we receive the casual treatment afforded to "safe customers." Then we change.

My husband finds this formula equally successful in business life—with his bank, his tailor and his lunchtime restaurant. Who says loyalty always pays?—MRS. A. J., Peterborough.

Noteworthy Cash

In my pay packet last week I had a £5 note which had been rubber-stamped on the reverse by four different firms. On other banknotes I have had recently there have been such messages as "Come back to me, darling," "Gone, but not forgotten,"

"Will ye no come back again?" and "See you later, alligator."

Apart from being silly, isn't this practice as illegal as defacing a coin of the realm?—W. GORE, West Street, Newbury, Berks.

The 1928 Currency and Banknotes Act says: "If any person who prints or stamps or by any like means impresses on any banknote any words, letters or figures, he shall . . . be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding £1."

Strike On Board

In the first instalment of the new Hornblower story (JOHN BULL, May 25), Hornblower says: "Phoebe was struck by lightning off Morant Cape." I have always thought that ships at sea were immune from lightning damage.—D. G. C. SUTHERLAND, Sandhaven, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire.

"Ships at sea can be struck by lightning," says an expert. "The sea has a tremendous electrical conductivity and can be regarded as an earth. Ships, however, do carry lightning conductors."

The Young Roundsman

The article "Hornblower's London" (JOHN BULL, May 18), reminded me of my boyhood days on the milk round with the milk pram. The glittering churns and metal milk containers were often lined with rust through constant use and infrequent inspection. At the age of eleven, and with a wage of 1s. 6d. a week, I used to tramp up and down stairs from 6 a.m. until 8 a.m.

Butchers, bakers and milkmen supplied their goods, as advertised, "three times daily." Two large loaves cost threepence, and children loved to call for the bread so that they could get the piece of mincemeat which the baker gave away with it.—W. AUKETT, Westfield, Sussex.

That Tinny Taste

I saw an amusing incident, indicative of this synthetic age, in our household recently. My wife was listening attentively while her sister was explaining how to stew pears in lemonade in order to make them

taste "exactly like tinned ones."—R. DYKE, Ribblesdale Street, Burnley, Lancs.

A Lift For Buses

A friend of mine who helped to free a man trapped under a bus was shocked to find that the bus didn't carry a jack. Although he knew how to apply a tourniquet he couldn't reach the injured man.

The law rightly holds that large buildings should have safety exits. Is it therefore too much to ask that a jack should be carried by all vehicles as a necessary piece of first-aid equipment?—F. CONNOR, Worden Grove, Lidget Green, Bradford.

The Ministry of Transport regulation says that buses operating with a maximum fare under one shilling are not required to carry lifting gear. Such buses usually operate only in built-up areas, and can be quickly reached by a breakdown vehicle.

Safe As Houses

People often sneer that we are behind the times in this country, but that is not true as far as building technique is concerned. In Linden Avenue, Stourport-on-Severn, are the first houses of an experimental estate of 110 new homes. They are the first ever built on stabilized soil, a method whereby soil structure is consolidated under pressure to take many times normal stresses, thus eliminating the need for concrete foundations.—J. B. SHILVOCK, Leswell Street, Kidderminster, Worcs.

"These houses are built on a compacted mixture of soil and cement," says a building expert. "Although it is a cheaper process than laying concrete foundations, the saving is not really very great in house building. It is more economical in building roads and airstrips, but in any case only certain kinds of soil are suitable for stabilizing."

Nightmare Stitches

This is a question to which I have never yet had a satisfactory answer. Why, in these days, are casualty patients never given a whiff of anaesthetic when stitches are put in?

For children particularly, this apparent callousness can cause a small accident to be remembered as a nightmarish experience, and create in them a dread of hospitals and doctors which is most undesirable.—MRS. MARGARET BURKE, Boughty Ferry, Angus, Scotland.

"It is established medical practice to give an anaesthetic only when it is absolutely necessary," says a doctor. "This is because there is always a slight risk when using anaesthetics."

Catch In A Code?

Why should a man who can handle his car perfectly have to take his driving test all over again if he fails in answering questions on the Highway Code? Surely there would not be such a queue of people waiting for tests if examiners could award a pass on driving ability but withhold the licence until the driver passed the oral examination.—K. JONES, Collins Meadow, Harlow, Essex.

"Knowledge of the Highway Code is the most elementary part of the driving test," says the Ministry of Transport. "And anyone failing in that certainly can't be called a competent driver."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

GOLD and silver, buttercups and daisies—these are the playthings of warm sunshine and drowsy meadows. Who will blame Zelinski if he sighs a little wistfully at the contentment of those young faces on his cover? Because long, long hence, when they are quite grown up, these two will remember the summer of their childhood. . . . Those far-away afternoons, when the daisy chain was a girl's crowning glory; when time was measured by the blowing of a dandelion clock; and when they searched for gold under a chin and asked: "Do you like butter?"

Picnic time is Guinness Time

—that's the secret of a really good time

ALL HANDS to the picnic. Out come the cold cuts, the boiled eggs, the lettuce and tomatoes. Good show! Somebody's opened the Guinness. Doesn't it look wonderful. Foaming, creamy, refreshing, there's nothing like a cool, dark Guinness to make a meal so very appetising. When you've finished that long and satisfying drink, how much better you'll feel. Life is worth living after a Guinness.

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G.E.C. Superspeed kettle

TEA FOR TWO IN TWO MINUTES

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Spur of Gold

by ***HUGH MICHAEL HOGAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY CRITCHLOW

This was to be the race of his life—the whole future might depend on it. For Margaret's sake he had to lose . . . and Margaret wanted him to win

It was midday by the time he got downstairs, and his wife was already waiting for him in the dining-room. She was standing before the flower-filled fireplace, and he went across to her, kissed her lightly on the cheek and said good morning.

"Did you sleep again?"

"No," he said. "Couldn't get off again, somehow."

"You'll have to train yourself. There won't be much point in getting up early after today."

"No."

"We'll have to get used to it."

"Yes." He went over to the window, and looked out across the downs. There was still no sign of rain, and the sun was breaking through over the woods. The going would be firm, he thought.

He put his hands deep down into his pockets and braced his legs. He wished the thing he was going to do were over and done with.

Behind him, his wife said: "Your lunch is out."

He turned, went over and took his seat at the table and lifted the cover off his plate.

"I've given you the usual. I wasn't sure."

"That's fine." He looked at the steak. "Plenty of time for the fatted calf afterwards. Tonight."

He took up his knife and fork, and cut a piece off the steak. It was red inside, just as he liked

The winning post had come in sight . . . nearer . . . nearer. Charlie turned and looked at Follick. Why didn't the boy pass him now?

it, and he began to chew it slowly. It was good and tender.

"This is the day, then."

"Yes." He managed a smile. "This is it, all right."

"How do you feel?"

"All right."

"Did you see the papers? They're all tipping you. Do you think you'll win?"

He pursed his lips, looked away and cut a long, thin strip off the steak. "Maybe."

"That's what you always say. I'll have to remember to quote that when the pressmen come asking for your memoirs. I'll say, Charlie always used to say 'maybe' when I asked him if he would win."

"Yes." He nodded. "They'll like that."

"Sort of personal touch." She put one or two potatoes on her plate, but made no attempt to eat. "Are the memoirs one of the wife's perks, d'you know?"

"Memoirs?"

"They all have them. Gordon Richards had his."

"Maybe."

"Why not? You're the champion, aren't you? I say, wouldn't it be nice if they make you a 'sir,' like Gordon Richards?"

She turned away, began slowly to eat. He knew that she was talking only to hide her feelings.

He said: "It should be a good party tonight."

She didn't answer, except to nod, and he could see that she was all soft, and sad, and pent-up. Ready to cry, probably.

The sun burst through the clouds, flooding the room with spun-gold light. He realized, again as if it were for the first time, how grey her hair was becoming. It was time to retire. For both of them.

She looked up, screwing her eyes against the sunlight. "It's going to be fine, then. That's what you need, isn't it? For the going, I mean?"

"Who told you that?"

"It was in one of the papers. 'Champion Will Ride Winner If Rain Holds Off,' it said. It said Shibboleth's feet were too small for heavy going. You do think you'll win, don't you?"

He opened his mouth, and quickly closed it again. He said: "What's it matter?"

"Well, it just seems right, that's all. You ought to win. It's your last race. I want to see you finish as you started: winning. A champion ought to win his last race, I think."

He grinned and reached across to touch her hand. "You're just greedy, Margaret. I've had my share of wins."

And that was true. He wondered if he'd ever forget one of them. Looking around him now there were plenty of things to remind him. Of the big ones, anyway. That portrait over the fireplace: 'Robespierre, Winner of the Maxim Stakes, with C. R. King up.' And there was that one over the sideboard, presented to him after his first Derby win. Those gold spurs, given by his fellow jockeys. And the whip, there over by the door. The Old Man himself, Lord Derby, had given him that. That was perhaps the finest trophy of all.

"Yes," she said. Then, without looking up: "Will you have any pudding?"

"Just coffee, thanks. Then I'll go. You stay here, like I said, and get ready for the party. Eat, drink and be merry, eh?"

He left the house early, by two o'clock, and drove slowly in his small car towards the course. He had time to spare, and he pulled in by the side of the road, at the top of the downs, and lit a cigarette. Away below him, through a gap in the trees, he could see the racecourse.

He wondered idly how many times he had ridden round it. It was the first course he had ever ridden on. Long before he had ever worn any owner's colours, he was already familiar with every sod of turf on it, from countless early morning gallops.

His mind passed quickly, caressingly, over the contours of his career.

In the background, were the cold, dark mornings, shivering and half-awake, mucking out stables; the smells of horses, the clatter of hooves on cobbled yards; the fear he'd felt when, still green, he'd been given a puller, or a straight neck'd 'un, to exercise; the first time he'd ridden in a race.

In the middle distance, there was his first win; the day the girths snapped, and he'd thought for a sickening eternity of time, between the saddle and the ground, that he would be trampled to death under the flying hooves of the following field; the first time he ever rode three winners at one meeting; the day he won the Derby on a 40-1 outsider.

The foreground everybody knew; win after win; champion for season after season; the roar of "Come on Charlie"; the articles in the press, the trophies and the laurels. . . .

And, of course, there was the reputation for straightness which he'd built up over the years. That was what made it so safe for him, today. For what he was going to do.

A LOT of people, he thought, would say he was out of his mind if they knew what he was going to do this afternoon. They wouldn't believe it of him. They wouldn't believe that he would mar a stainless record with a single, last-minute act of dishonesty.

And in that, at least, they would be right; for this was no last-minute act. He had planned it fifteen years ago, on the day he'd met old Harry Chase.

Harry had been a jockey, too; not a champion, but one of the greats just the same. He had left the turf in a blaze of glory and turned trainer. But Harry wasn't lucky as a trainer. He didn't really have enough capital behind him and he'd gone down, and down, and down; down until, at last, he'd been glad to come back to the turf—but as a valet this time. He'd died worth nothing.

That was the day that decided him—the day he met Harry. It was then, all those years ago, that he decided to bet on a race; just once, when he was safe, when he was sure he wouldn't lose. Today.

Today, when they thought he was riding to win . . . to win his last race of all.

But he had them there; he'd retired yesterday. For thirty years he had played it straight—never pulled a horse, never cut in, never once been cautioned by the stewards. He'd given them all—trainers, owners and the public—twenty shillings' value to the pound. And now it was *his* turn.

He looked at his watch. It was just on two thirty, and he needn't reach the course until three, in time for the weigh-in.

He prayed that nothing would go wrong. Until the last-minute entry of Shibboleth, his mount for the race had been Minty, from the same stable. He had been glad to accept the trainer's offer of a change of mounts. Otherwise, whoever rode Shibboleth would win; there was hardly anything in the country that would catch him. By the time the new entry had been decided, he already had Minty well backed. And even if he had been able to change the bet, or cancel it, it wouldn't have been worth it, anyway. Shibboleth was already at 7-2 on, and the price would shorten yet.

Nothing could go wrong. Minty was going to win: the only other horse in the field that would stand any chance. And Minty was being ridden by Follick, who would ride all out for a win. Young Follick gave nothing away.

Idly, he wondered if he should have a word with young Follick, after the race. The youngster had disliked him ever since he'd hauled him before the stewards for dangerous

He gripped the whip. . . . He wanted to slash it hard across Follick's face

"It should be a good party," he said. But Margaret didn't answer, and he could see she was all soft, and sad, and pent-up. Ready to cry, probably

riding. Follick had always avoided him after that. Perhaps he should have a word with him today before he left; make things right again; leave no hard feelings behind him when he quit.

And he would owe Follick quite something after the race. He had £3,000 on Minty: three thousand, under an assumed name, that would net him just four times that sum; enough to keep the wolf well away from his door; enough to see that his boys got the right kind of education; enough to be safe for good—not one of the Harry Chases of the Turf.

It was twenty to three now. He lit a cigarette, smoked it calmly before driving on again.

As he drew near the course somebody recognized him and called out: "Come on, Charlie!" Others took up the cry and, as he drove up to the owners' and jockeys' entrance, there was a file on either side of the gate.

"Come on, Charlie!"

"Make way for the champion, there!"

"Good luck, Charlie!"

He felt a small, hard lump come into his throat as he drove slowly past them and parked outside the dressing-room. He reached into the back of the car for his bag, and when he took it out he saw that Margaret had had her way, after all, about the whip. It was fastened to the handle of his grip and, as he untied it, the big, solid gold handle flashed in the sun. He grinned a little when he saw it, ran his hand over the embossed coat of arms, and held it up to read its inscription again. "To a Great Sportsman."

"Take it," Margaret had said, when she'd tried to persuade him to use it in his last race. "It'll bring you luck."

He looped it over his wrist, flicked it once or twice to test its balance. It weighed a ton. All right, he'd use it. He'd humour her. He could always blame it for his failure.

JEFFREYS, his valet, came out to take his grip, and he went into the dressing-room. One or two of the fellows were already sitting about in their colours, enjoying a smoke. He wasn't quite prepared for it when they got to their feet and lined up to shake hands with him. Shepherd was there, and Jones, and Carter, and Smith.

"Last time for you, then, Charlie."

"Best o' luck, Charlie."

Bow Nash came waddling up on his bandy legs. "Want us to hold back for you today, Charlie?" He winked, looking more like a monkey than ever. "We'll run backwards for a fiver apiece." Everybody laughed.

"Make it a tenner, Bow." He grinned, grateful for the joke, and shook hands, not trusting himself to say anything. Jeffreys had the owner's colours already laid out for him at the far end of the room, and he went down there, stripped and changed quickly, then went out into the sunshine.

The runners from the three o'clock were just coming in. Follick passed him on his way to the scales; the youngster threw him a small tight-lipped smile, but didn't speak.

He was the first off the scales, and went out, saddle under his arm, into the paddock. The horses were being walked round. As he ducked under the bar the crowd began to clap. The clapping went on, and got louder, louder, until the lump came into his throat again.

Noel Beech, the trainer, and the owner, Lord de Brephne, came over and shook his hand. The clapping got louder and louder, and he felt the corner of his mouth beginning to tremble.

Shibboleth looked a picture, standing there in the sunlight: big, and clear-eyed, and noble. He went over to him, checked the girths and the bitting for himself. Everybody seemed to be looking at him, and it dawned on him, when the clapping started again, that they were waiting for him to mount first, and lead the way from the paddock.

He got up into the saddle then and let the

Continued on page 34

Music director Gwynn Williams (left) shows Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, now Lord Kilmuir, round the eisteddfod

A welcome in the hillside

by KEITH ELLIS

Every year Llangollen plays host to the world. Its music festival thrives on the carefree charm of a village fête

Estonian dancers rehearse during the festival, which includes folk song and dance contests and choral competitions. World-famous artists perform at evening concerts

GWYNN WILLIAMS was worried. As music director of Llangollen's International Musical Eisteddfod, he had to find a replacement for Elizabeth Torok, a Hungarian folk-singer who had been prevented from coming at the last moment. All morning he had been ringing agents in London. By now his chances of getting a top-class professional for the evening concert seemed nil.

An interpreter appeared in the tent doorway. With him was a pretty young Austrian girl, one of the amateurs competing in the women's solos. "She wondered if she could have a run through with an accompanist," explained the interpreter.

Williams does not usually allow this, for reasons of time. But he asked: "What are you singing?" The girl mentioned an extremely difficult Strauss aria. Williams decided to make an exception. He drove her to the accompanist's house and, curious to hear what she would make of the piece, he stayed to listen.

After she had sung a few notes, he knew that his search was over. "Would you like to sing in the concert tonight?" he asked. The girl eagerly accepted. That night the audience applauded her wildly, and next morning a critic wrote that she was "a second Elisabeth Schumann." The following year, the girl—whose name was Ruthilde Boesch—again came to Llangollen, this time as a professional.

No one in the musical world was surprised that a top-ranking soprano should have been discovered in a tiny remote Welsh town. For Llangollen, a beauty spot long favoured by walkers and cyclists, now enjoys an international reputation for its music festival. Each year between the Tuesday and Sunday of the second week in July, its prim grey streets are lit up by the brightly coloured national costumes of exuberant competitors giving impromptu performances. Last year, 156,000 visitors came from all over the world to watch 3,750 British and foreign entries of singers and dancers.

"We run the festival on two levels," says Williams. "First, there are the folk song and dance competitions, in which we aim to bring out the variety of the different national styles. Secondly, there are the international choral competitions, in which choirs from different nations sing internationally accepted classics." In addition, professional artists, who have included Markova and Yehudi Menuhin, the Festival Ballet and the Hallé Orchestra, appear in the evening concerts.

This year, the eisteddfod has attracted folk singers and dancers from nearly every country in Western Europe, from Hungary, Latvia and Rumania behind the Iron Curtain, and from Algeria, Indonesia and the U.S.A. Groups from Wales will compete, and so, too, will a party of Ukrainians from Manchester. Renata and Graciana Tarrago, the Spanish guitarists, and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Eugene Goosens are among the famous artists who will perform in the evenings.

Their success is already assured. When season tickets went on sale last October, all 2,000—costing £3 5s. and £2 5s.—sold out in the first month. Later, booking opened for individual sessions. "For the Wednesday session," says Mrs. Mona Davies, the general secretary, "there were so many applications that I pinned a cloakroom ticket to each, and got the police to draw lots. We had to disappoint two thousand people."

Critics have frequently expressed surprise that Llangollen, with a population of 3,150, can accommodate so many competitors and cope with 20,000 visitors—twice as many on the Wednesday and Saturday—who each day pay 3s. to enter the festival grounds. The secret is a highly organized voluntary effort. Williams, a chubby and volatile music publisher, is one of a dozen local townsmen who lead a body of volunteers running into hundreds. Without government subsidy or commercial backing, the

A Welsh girl in traditional dress (left) listens to an Estonian kannel player. Ukrainians exiled in Britain have entered the festival this year

Yugoslav singers adjust their make-up before competing. Events take place in a hundred-yard long marquee which will hold ten thousand people

A girls' choir from Georgia gives an impromptu concert. Foreign competitors are accommodated free at homes in Llangollen or nearby villages

festival has made a profit in all but two of the last ten years. "Without the voluntary work, we just couldn't do it," says Rhys Roberts, chairman of the eisteddfod council.

Preparations for the eisteddfod start almost as soon as the previous one is over. All through the autumn and winter Williams is busy arranging set pieces, having them translated into a wide choice of languages, hiring artists and corresponding with folk groups. "By last Christmas, six hundred groups had indicated an interest. About two hundred will actually arrive."

When competitors land in this country, they are met by volunteers who direct them to Llangollen. In Llangollen, they are met by a hostess and an interpreter, who take them to a reception centre for a meal and a wash, and then drive them to their lodgings.

Because of the shortage of accommodation in Llangollen itself, most competitors stay in outlying towns and villages. All the lodgings have been found by the members of the hospitality committee, who have undertaken a door-to-door canvass several months before. The eisteddfod council pays householders 9s. 6d. for bed and breakfast. Foreign competitors pay nothing, either for their board or for their travel between London and Llangollen.

The actual competitions are held in an elephantine marquee three hundred feet long and two hundred feet across the swept-back wings. It will accommodate 7,500 people sitting and 2,500 standing. Noel Bowen, chairman of the grounds committee, believes that it is the biggest marquee in Britain. "We spent £4,000 in levelling the recreation ground to take it," he says.

Months before the eisteddfod he is busy arranging for lights, seats and amplifying equipment. Help comes from many sources. When he needed a red carpet for the Queen's visit in 1953, a committee member who is also a director of a furnishing company supplied one from his shop. Lady Trevor, a local resident, lent a group of Louis XV chairs for the same occasion.

Bowen usually starts to set up the ground two weeks before the opening. Besides the main marquee, he has to erect smaller marquees for officials, ambulance men and choirs waiting to compete. He has to arrange signs in French and English ("not a lot in Welsh"), an avenue of flags, a water supply for the tens of thousands of flowers laid on by the flowers sub-committee, three car parks and accommodation for the caterers, who serve food in continuous sittings of four hundred from 11.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

In spite of the most careful preparations, things sometimes go wrong on the day. Once, a Russian pianist was in the middle of a long piece when one leg of the 30-cwt. piano crashed through the stage. With the keyboard tilted at an alarming angle, he played doggedly on while Bowen and his helpers tried to brace the piano by hammering in stakes beneath the stage.

Like the rest of the committee, Bowen started without expert knowledge. "We learned by our mistakes," he says. Once an enthusiastic helper placed a vase of flowers on a piano which Louis Kentner was to play a few hours later. Someone knocked the flowers over, and the water seeped into the piano. Bowen had an anxious afternoon while he and his helpers tried to dry it out with hot water bottles, flat-irons and blankets. "Fortunately, it didn't affect Kentner's playing. But since then, we've taken care not to put flowers on pianos."

The Llangollen International Eisteddfod had its beginnings in the war. Allied governments in exile sent official delegations to the Welsh National Eisteddfod and Williams, who has been music organizer of the "National" since 1923, had the job of showing them round. In 1945, they asked if they could take part in one of the contests. The eisteddfod authorities refused because theirs was a purely national festival.

THE following year Harold Tudor, a newspaperman working for the British Council, suggested to Williams an international eisteddfod. After he and Williams had canvassed the idea in various Welsh towns, Llangollen decided to take it up. Tudor later dropped out, but Williams has remained music director. He is unpaid, but draws £600 a year expenses.

Partly through Williams's contacts, partly through overseas publicity given by the British Council, the first eisteddfod in 1947 was a great success. To the surprise of the organizers it made a profit of almost £4,000. "The rule was to spend the money in furthering the aims of the eisteddfod," says Williams. "That meant we had to hold another."

Since then, the eisteddfod has grown year by year. Its funds now approach £20,000.

In ten years only one group has failed to arrive for its contest. That was in 1947, when the French railways went on strike a few days before the opening. Some groups crossed Europe in hired coaches. Others walked miles along the railway tracks. Others, who had run out of money, held impromptu concerts en route to raise funds. All reached Llangollen on time—except a group of madrigal singers from Milan who arrived exhausted to find that their contest had been judged the previous day.

"But the railway strike got us lots of free publicity," adds Williams. "All over Europe people were asking: 'What is this Llangollen Eisteddfod which all these singers are striving so desperately to get to?' Indirectly, the railway strike was the best thing that could have happened to us." THE END

Colourful costumes and lively dances add gaiety to the festival. A French girls' team performs a traditional dance. This year groups come from nearly every European country

Launched in America, this research rocket raced eighty miles into space at 3,800 m.p.h.

They're wishing for the moon

by PETER JACKSON

With gunpowder strapped to their backs and carrying mail for Santa Claus, Britain's space enthusiasts are set to fly high

Two years ago British Railways were asked to trace a spaceship which was missing between Birmingham and Paddington. "The lost property department was rather sarcastic," says Leonard Carter, who made the inquiry, "until I explained that it was a four-foot long model on the way to an exhibition I was organizing at a North London art college."

The spaceship was duly traced and forwarded to Carter, who is secretary of the British Interplanetary Society. But through this and other delays his display was not half-ready when local councillors arrived for an eve-of-the-show preview. Carter quickly communicated his enthusiasm for space travel and the visitors stayed to help with the preparations. It was late afternoon before he realized that the volunteers had been working non-stop for several hours. But when he suggested a tea break, a housewife councillor said briskly: "Well, make it a quick one. I must get that lunar rocket base finished before I go home."

Says Carter: "It's becoming quite respectable to show an interest in interplanetary travel."

When Carter attended prewar meetings of the Society members were ridiculed by scientists and taunted by the public. One of his predecessors as secretary became so furtive in distributing bundles of space literature that the police suspected him of being an I.R.A. bomb terrorist.

During the mid-1930s, Carter lost his job as a junior clerk with a firm of solicitors when he was exposed as a spaceship enthusiast. "I was dismissed as some sort of mental defective," he says, "but I must admit that I was far from efficient. I had confused the office filing system with a mass of astronomical charts, and once I was so moonstruck that I sent some highly scandalous divorce evidence through the post in an open envelope."

Now a successful accountant, Carter also finds time to supervise three assistants in the day-to-day administration of a three thousand strong Society.

Members include Arthur V. Cleaver, the designer who helped to produce the take-off booster rocket incorporated in the Valiant bomber, Dr. Leslie Shepherd, a senior scientist at Harwell, and several scientists working on guided missiles. Dr. Wernher von Braun, inventor of the German V2 and director of the American Army's rocket research programme, is an honorary fellow of the Society, which represents this country at international space conferences.

"That's the least of our diplomatic work," says Carter. "We seem to be widely regarded as the Lunar Embassy on Earth." He deals with hundreds of vaguely confident inquiries from all directions. A TV actress, wanting to reserve a seat on the first flight to the moon, specified: "Back to the engine, of course." An American ordered a Savile Row spacesuit and asked to be put in touch with a reputable spaceship commander. An architecture magazine requested plans for a space station—Gothic style.

Usually, Carter reckons to be "optimistically unhelpful." But when the organizers of a Methodist garden fête asked to borrow a spaceship "big enough for people to walk through," he suggested that they should enter an American competition in which a thirty-four foot long rocket was first prize.

Many of his callers are space-minded inventors. A few years ago a London engineer claimed to have built his own spaceship. He took Carter to see a metal sphere, thirty feet in diameter, standing in his workshop. Carter pointed out that it had no interior equipment or any kind of engine. Acknowledging these defects, the owner insisted: "But it's the perfect shape, surely?"

Carter's colleagues have had more success with their research. Plans produced by the Society in 1951 for a three-stage launching rocket led the way for America's artificial satellite project.

Now Carter is organizing observation posts in Yorkshire and southern England, equipped

At the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, two scientists discuss speeds through outer space

Scientists from twelve nations were shown this space suit at a congress in Germany

Mrs. Doris Barber, of Ilford, and her son Anthony are keen space enthusiasts. She is one of the few women in the British Interplanetary Society and wants to be on the first trip to the moon. Left: Leonard Carter in the Society's office. Once he was pacing about during a talk on "A Step into the Unknown" when he stepped backwards off the stage and crashed out of sight of the audience

with wide-angled telescopes, radio and cameras, to join in the world-wide tracking of the satellites' path through outer space.

Two members are at present working on plans to develop the military-type intercontinental missile by substituting a further rocket unit for the hydrogen-bomb warhead. They suggest that such a missile could circle the moon within the next ten years. It would relay back invaluable scientific information—perhaps even televising the mysterious far side of the moon.

"We have long given up the idea of building our own spaceship," says Carter. He had to point that out to the Post Office when they entrusted him with a Christmas Card for "Santa Claus, c/o Heaven," and to a retired colonel who offered to leave them a legacy if Carter would guarantee to scatter his ashes on Mars.

A former member of the Society decided to produce his own private rocket. He bought a large barren area in North Wales, surrounded it with barbed wire and started experiments. His missiles never promised to reach the moon, and although they were hailed as ingenious anti-aircraft weapons on the outbreak of war, they were never put into operation.

ANOTHER enthusiast decided to test a propulsion theory with rockets strapped to his back as he stood on an iced pond, wearing skates. He went ahead with the trial, although warned that he was wearing a lethal load of gunpowder. Fortunately, most of the rockets failed to ignite and he was merely blown on his face, with his clothes on fire. Spectators soon put out the flames.

Official research into rocket engineering during recent years has enabled members to join government establishments and earn a living from their hobby. They now use the Society to stimulate public interest in space travel.

Carter has specialized in the popular presentation of interplanetary exploration through exhibitions, lectures, film shows, books, radio and television. But his smooth, genial approach to the subject was strained at the climax of a TV appearance two years ago. He was comparing a rocket's movement with that of a blown-up balloon when the air is suddenly released. Holding up a balloon slipped to him by a technician, he told viewers: "As I take my fingers from the neck of this balloon it will resemble a spaceship taking off for the moon." But when he let go the balloon floated lazily in front of his face instead of hurtling round the studio. The technician had knotted the balloon's neck. "I still can't decide," says Carter, "whether he played a practical joke or was just over-efficient."

Rotarians and women's institutes, Darby and Joan clubs and schoolchildren have shown equal interest in Carter's talks on space travel. After he visited a Midland school a group of young rocket enthusiasts complained that the model spaceships that they built were always "sabotaged" by members of the school aircraft society. Carter suggested that they should improve their security arrangements and try to develop a guided missile able to intercept model planes in flight.

Carter and his colleagues aim to make the British public better informed about the prospects of space travel. In America an estate agent has already sold several hundred building plots on the moon. Ten thousand people recently gathered in the New Mexican desert to receive a message from the crew of a flying saucer. They heard a hollow voice from beyond a sand dune explain that this was the one spot on Earth to be spared destruction in an impending interplanetary war. The promoter of the meeting then announced that he happened to own that same stretch of desert—and did brisk business selling atomic shelter sites.

"It could never happen on that scale over here," says Carter. But he investigated the big sales in Britain last year of photographs said to be of a Martian, taken near Loch Ness. They showed a blurred figure, and the caption explained that the Martian's flying saucer was "out of the picture, to the left." Using a magnifying glass, Carter thought the so-called Martian looked like an inoffensive Earthman, dressed in tweeds. "He joined my gallery of photographs of alleged creatures from space," says Carter.

Carter was born in London in 1922. As a boy he spent his evenings star gazing from the top of a block of flats, having saved up to buy a two-inch telescope for thirty shillings. Then, on holiday at Worthing in 1937, he and a friend borrowed a £200 six-inch telescope. They hurried to set it up on the sea front, where they were instantly surrounded by holidaymakers who queued until midnight for a look at the stars. "We must have been idealists," says Carter, "because we never thought to make a charge. If we had we might have ended up owning the telescope."

When the crowds left, the two youths began their own observations, making occasional notes by the light of an electric torch. They were soon interrupted again when the police, in a display of war-scare vigilance, arrived to see if there was a spy behind the flickering beam. "We were sent home to bed," says Carter, "but I didn't mind. I realized then that even the finest telescope could only grope through our pea-soup atmosphere. If the planets couldn't be seen properly from Earth it seemed the obvious alternative to go to the planets for a closer look."

Joining the British Interplanetary Society, he found its members working on the first detailed plans ever produced for a spaceship as an engineering possibility. The young newcomer made himself generally useful—"establishing myself as the original spaceship tea-boy."

Carter now believes that a remote-controlled rocket will reach the moon during this century, but he thinks that the manned spaceship will develop from today's high-speed, fringe-of-space aeroplanes rather than from the guided missiles. "Aeroplane speeds have trebled since the war," he says. "If rocket speeds matched that progress we could now reach anywhere in the solar system."

During his twelve years as secretary of the British Interplanetary Society, Carter has travelled all over Europe to attend international conferences. In Rome last year he and 150 other space experts were received by the Pope. The next day they sailed to Naples on a pleasure cruise, and the mayor gave a garden party in their honour. "He is delighted to welcome you spacemen," a city official told Carter, "but a little disappointed that you arrived in our midst by steamer."

"There was no reply to that," says Carter. He was equally baffled by the letter he received recently from a group of young children in South London. It read: "Dear Sir, We have just formed the Stoneyhole Interplanetary Society. What do we do now?" THE END

He didn't know what to say. . . . Four hours ago he had seen her for the first time, and already she knew all about him

The Stubbornest Man

He knew just what to expect. She'd be like the rest of them—sawdust in the head and looking like some film star

by ***WALTER TEVIS***

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

He was in the kitchen, reading *David Copperfield*, his big shoulders hunched over the table, his broad, knot-jointed hands holding the book tenderly. When he heard her come in he looked up from the corner of his eye and saw that the light coming through the white curtains was very weak and that he could barely make out the outline of the barn through the open door.

Knowing what she had come to remind him of, he pushed himself back from the table to look up at her and smiled faintly, his back and his hands—especially his hands—aching even from the slight movement. She had her glasses on, steel rimmed, and she was smiling at him.

"It's past time for the cows, Fred," she said.

"I know," he said, closing the book cautiously, his big fingers awkward. "I've been a little stiff today. It's the time of year—the rain." He pulled himself up out of the chair, trying not to let the painfulness of the movement show on his face.

"Fred," she said, "if you want me to——"

"No." He walked to the door and took the old jacket from its hook. "This is my job."

She was looking at him over the tops of her glasses, smiling, but he could see that she had something on her mind.

"You know," she said, "you could afford a milking machine easily, now that Bill and John have finished at college."

"You sound like William," he said, letting the sudden bitterness in his voice emphasize his son's name. "Do you want television, too? And a bright green utility van? And a cocktail cabinet? We ve got six cows. Six."

He turned around and looked at her again, at her small, round face, the bright, wide eyes with the deep lines round them. Her mouth was stern, thoughtful, and the thought struck him: *she's got something else on her mind. I'll hear about it when I get back from the cowshed.*

"Fred," she said, "you'd have more time to read, with a milker. And you have other machines—the tractor, the hay baler."

He opened the door when she was in the middle of saying it. When she finished he said: "During the war I milked twenty-three cows. By hand. Twice a day."

He let the door slam and almost flinched at the realization that she could answer that one. He walked on to the cowshed, cutting through the kitchen garden, through the little field with the chicken coop, now silent, and the shed. Dorothy's answer should have been simple enough; during the war he could milk twenty-odd cows easily. Now, sixty years old, with arthritis stiffening his fingers, it took him an hour and a quarter to milk six.

There were low, irritated moanings from the cows as he pushed open the door, and then the soft, silken sound of heavy bodies, warm, becoming restless in their stalls. He turned the lights on and the cows began lowing in earnest, rubbing their flanks against the stalls, eager, their udders heavy.

Fred picked up the pail and the stool from against the wall and shuffled over to Cymbeline, his favourite, a middle-aged Frisian with an injured expression. He talked to her for a moment, soothing her, and then he set the stool in place and painfully eased himself on it. Then he took the rough, solid teats and lost himself in the sharp ring of the jet of milk against the pail, forgetting the ache in his knuckles and wrists, watching the milk foam up.

It took an hour and a half to finish them all and to get the milk into the churns and then to the dairy, where it would stay until after the morning's milking.

When he got back to the house, Dorothy was not listening to her wireless, as she usually did when he was out, and he knew that he had been right. She did have something on her mind. He took off his jacket inside the door and hung it on the nail. Then he walked into the parlour, eased his heavy, great-boned frame into a chair, put his feet, in their weathered black boots, on the coalbox and said to her: "All right, what is it?"

She came out from the kitchen and stood there watching him for a minute. Then she said, not smiling now: "A letter from Bill, Fred."

"From William," he said, correcting her. "What does he want?"

"He's coming home for the weekend."

"Sit down, Dorothy." He watched her walk over to the sofa and seat herself there. Then he said: "He remembers what I told him, doesn't he?" And, when she didn't answer, he said: "I told him to stay at the university and do his farming there—to stay out from under my feet."

"I expect he remembers."

She was being too firm, and he didn't like it. He could feel the old, complex fury beginning to work at him, the impotent fury he had felt so intensely that last summer when William had come home, with his degree in agriculture and his bright green utility van, fresh from his first year of teaching at the university's agricultural college, and had tried to tell him—him!—how to plan his next year's crops. William had told him that he should give up keeping chickens, that he should turn the thirty-acre into pasture for cattle, should buy a new kind of hay rake, buy a television set, build a bathroom, get an automatic electric milker.

Dorothy was still looking at him, waiting to hear what he had to say. He picked up a book. He said: "I don't want him here—and he knows that. Why doesn't he go to John's house and spend the weekend with them, if he wants to see the farm? John's his brother; they can watch the TV and talk about crop rotation and building better farms."

"You're not being fair to John," she said. "He keeps up his half of the farm, even if he has bought this TV set."

"All right. All right. But why's he coming?"

She was still smiling. "There's a girl, Fred. He wants us to meet her."

"A girl! And you know what she'll be like? Sawdust in her head and a bunch of women's magazines under her arm. I know William. She'll look like some film star."

Dorothy was looking at him over the top of her glasses again. "Is that a bad thing?" she asked. . . .

She did look like some film star, but one of the nicer kind. The girl had smooth make-up, short hair, a long throat, and an easy smile. But she'd had enough common sense to wear flat shoes to the farm, and her nails—thank the Lord—weren't painted.

William's utility van was still bright green, but it showed a little age and had some honest dust on it this time. William was being careful, and Fred was surprised at the way he was able to handle the girl's bag; the car doors; Orsino, who was barking his silly head off to see him; and the introductions. And he acted as if he'd entirely forgotten that his father had stood on about the same spot less than a year before and had told him with every Shakespearian epithet in his awe-inspiring vocabulary to go back to his cocksure college friends and stay with them.

Her name was Judith and she was, surprisingly, carrying a book. It was a good touch, and anybody but William would have told her to carry one. But William was like his mother, no diplomat. The book's dust jacket was gone and Fred couldn't make out the title.

It was late afternoon when they came, and Dorothy took over smoothly, welcoming them in to tea and going through her usual chatty little piece about Fred and herself being the "curiosities" of the district, and about Fred's

Continued on page 25

Military training is a key part of the school curriculum. On leaving, boys serve for nine years with the Colours

Schoolboys at the double

by ROBERT HOLLES

In three years of tough training John Sallis's pupils learn the skills that drive a modern army. And they march to lessons with the precision of Guards

Sallis chats with one of the school's youngest and smallest apprentices. New pupils are put into rooms with boys of their own age and size

REGIMENTAL CORPORAL - MAJOR John Sallis of the Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, was expecting trouble. "A few weeks after I had taken over the appointment there was a passing-out parade of senior boys who were to be posted the next day," he says. "I had been warned that the evening's celebrations would generate a great deal of high spirits."

The R.C.M. was on hand in the dormitory lines during the early hours of the morning. Through the darkness he was aware of movement and noise, and dimly observed a group of senior boys congregating in the corridors. There was a tradition for the boys who had passed out of the school to take leave of their contemporaries by tipping them out of bed.

Sallis hurried across to the junior lines and peered into one of the rooms. "The lights were on and all the boys were out of bed, armed with brooms and pillows, ready to repel raiders."

Shortly afterwards, the senior boys arrived. "They formed a solid mass in the passage. I stood back in the shadows and let out one yell: 'Get on parade—NOW!' There was a wild scramble, and within seconds every boy had vanished."

He walked back to the senior boys' block, where he found every bed occupied and every boy apparently fast asleep.

"I decided that no further action was necessary," says Sallis, a characteristically elegant and forthright veteran of twenty-two years' service with the Royal Horse Guards, who is responsible for maintaining discipline among the school's eight hundred apprentices.

The school is one of three in the country—the others are at Chepstow and Harrogate—which admit boys between the ages of fifteen and seventeen for three years' military and technical training as future warrant officers and senior n.c.o.s in the army's technical branches. The boys enlist under the Army Act as boy soldiers, and subsequently serve for nine years with the Colours from the age of eighteen. During their training they are fed, clothed, accommodated and taught a trade at government expense. After six weeks' basic military training and drill, new entrants begin a five months' course in general fitting and bench work in the workshops, as a preliminary to specialization as armourers, fitters, electricians, or as instrument, radar, telecommunications or vehicle mechanics. All but four boys in a division of 136 recently passed out of the school as fully qualified tradesmen.

Military training, an essential part of the school curriculum, is designed to encourage self-reliance and develop traits of leadership. "The boys' drill is equal to that of a guards' regiment," says Sallis. "They are keener than men and have a far greater competitive spirit. But it is necessary to give more detailed orders and they need closer supervision."

During their progress through the workshops, apprentices make many of the tools and appliances used in their trade. "If the tools are marked at more than sixty-five per cent they are allowed to keep them," says Armament Sergeant-Major Lilley, the school's master artificer whose son Ian is among the apprentices. "Most boys leave the school with a complete set of their own manufacture." But he makes sure that the workshop equipment is not misused. "Before important parades I have to keep an eye on the buffing machines, which are always in great demand for brass polishing."

Regimental officers and n.c.o.s form the administrative staff of the school, which is organized as a battalion, but the workshop training is conducted principally by civilians.

Sallis says: "When I first joined the school I

Workshop training is conducted mainly by civilians. Boys take a five-month general course before specializing in an army trade

Josephine Gunning, of the W.V.S., runs a recreation room where boys may play records or read. She will also do their shopping

strolled into one of the workshops. I was astonished to see a group of young boys strip down an engine and methodically put it together again." But the vocational enthusiasm of the apprentices is not always confined to the workshops. When Sallis saw a battered car with a flat tyre standing in the staff car park, he traced ownership to a boy who was training as a vehicle mechanic. The boy was subsequently charged with a breach of school regulations in bringing it into camp.

The apprentice denied any breach of standing orders and when these were produced it was discovered that the rule applied only to motorcycles. "Nobody had thought of the possibility of a boy owning a car," says Sallis. The charge was dismissed on condition that the car was removed, and the orders were amended to take care of any such future eventuality.

Sallis occasionally visits the guardroom to inspect boys who are checking out; the apprentices wear khaki Service dress with white belts and peaked caps, but second-term boys are allowed to walk out in school mufti—blue blazers, flannels and school tie—and senior boys may wear their own civilian clothes off duty, provided that the clothes accord with school standards. "Some of them tend to alter their dress radically once they get outside the school gates," says Sallis. "For example, they might elevate their trousers a few inches to reveal brightly coloured socks, and replace their school tie with a string one." Once he ordered a boy who was wearing yellow socks to change them. "The boy explained that he hadn't another pair at the school, but he was going home to Reading, and he would change them for a darker pair on arrival. I accepted this."

Sallis was at the guardroom again when the boy returned. "He had got a darker pair on all right—black and white check."

During a recent fashion for eccentric haircuts he questioned a boy whose head had been shaved around the crown, leaving a ridge of long hair across the centre. The boy described it as a "Mohican" and claimed that it had been cut by the regimental barber. "I sent for the barber," says Sallis, "and discovered that the boy had been to him for a neck trim after he had been disfigured elsewhere. He wasn't allowed out of the school until his hair had grown."

The R.C.M.'s duties involve taking a morning drill parade and "Commandant's Orders," training the boy n.c.o.s, supervising the duties of the regimental staff and helping to organize the wide range of apprentices' social and sporting activities which include golf, judo, chess, bird-watching, photography, a Christian fellowship club run by the padre and a Scout troop.

Offenders who come before the commandant for correction are subsequently interviewed by Sallis. A boy who was continually going absent was about to be recommended for discharge. "I found that he was visiting a girl friend in his home town and asked him if it was worth the sacrifice of his career."

The school got in touch with the girl's father, who forbade her to see the boy. "He has now settled down and has the makings of a first-class soldier."

Sallis admits to one failure—a boy who was continually breaking regulations was discharged after two years. On one occasion the boy telephoned the school while on leave, posing as his father, to say that his "son" was ill and wouldn't be fit to travel for a few days. The guard commander who took the call recognized his voice. "He was a likeable lad of high educational standard," says Sallis, "but he was unable to subordinate himself to military discipline and had no intention of staying."

Every year nearly three hundred boys are admitted to the school from all parts of the country, having passed an entrance examination and a medical board. Personnel selection officers from the War Office interview the new arrivals and report on their suitability for trade and military training. Boys unable to settle down in their first three months may be bought out for £20 by their parents; others may be discharged as unsuitable.

General education fills a substantial part of the school programme. Last year, 131 apprentices passed the army's first class education certificate, and fifty-nine sat for subjects of the General Certificate of Education. Sport has high priority; members of the school staff organize and run two weekly games afternoons. A.S.M. Lilley, refereeing a hockey match, found that one of the players was missing. "I sent a message to the C.S.M. of the company concerned," he says, "to see if he could find him."

The C.S.M. walked through the rooms. In one, he noticed the flex of an electric lamp leading into a wardrobe. Smoke was coming from the door.

Pulling the door aside, the C.S.M. revealed a junior boy sitting comfortably inside, reading a comic and smoking a cigarette. Apprentices are forbidden to smoke until the age of sixteen, and then only with their parents' consent.

Curiosity, and a keen interest in horses, led Sallis, who was born near Cheltenham in 1916, to the Royal Horse Guards barracks at Knightsbridge in 1934. "I intended to look round and stay for lunch," he says. "I stayed for many subsequent lunches." He is now first in seniority, by regimental precedence, in the army's list of warrant officers.

When Sallis was learning to ride, a colonel informed him: "There are no bad horses—some are better than others." He applies the same maxim to boys. The school has had one deserter in nine years.

Sallis takes particular pride in teaching the fundamentals of mess life to the members of the apprentice sergeants' mess. Presiding at a recent mess meeting, he was asked if the supply of magazines could be cut in favour of technical publications and a copy of the drill manual. A further proposal had to be rejected. "The manager of the Naafi had been very good to them, and they wanted to elect him president."

Parents are encouraged to visit the school, and many of them attend the final passing-out parade. Sallis likes to be informed of their arrival in advance, to arrange their reception.

Last year, on the evening before a parade, an apprentice told him that his mother had decided to travel down from the north of England. Sallis asked when his mother was due to arrive.

"She's here now, sir."

"Fortunately we have a special room where the parents can meet their sons," says Sallis. "I turned it into a dormitory." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

From their pay, which ranges from 31s. 6d. to 66s. 6d. a week, the boys contribute to out-of-school activities. Dancing classes cost them a shilling. They may also learn judo, chess and golf

The two families were preparing for war—because of Rachel. How could she hope to bring them peace?

THE UNFORGIVEN

by ***ALAN LE MAY***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

WHEN the three Indians — Wolf Saddle, Lost Bird and Seth — came that first time, it was in peace. But while they were speaking with Ben Zachary, the head of the family, carbines covered them from loopholes in the homestead walls. . . .

For this was Texas in 1874. Pioneer ranchers like the Zacharys had learned the hard way how treacherous the Kiowas could be.

When Ben returned, his foster-sister, Rachel, rushed to ask what the Indians had wanted. Ben took her face between his hands and looked down into her eyes. "They were trying to buy you," he said. . . .

It was only by accident, quite recently, that Rachel learned she was not a true Zachary—that she had been found as a baby beside the trail, seventeen years before. Widowed Matthilda Zachary confessed to this, but she made no mention of the ugly rumour that had spread over half Texas: that Rachel was really a Kiowa foundling. Crazy old Abe Kelsey, nursing a grudge against the Zacharys, had spread this tale.

Kelsey was dead now, hanged for his part in a Kiowa ambuscade that claimed Effie Rawlins among its victims. The Rawlins family shared the Dancing Bird range with the Zacharys. Since the ambuscade there had been bad feeling between the two families, for Kelsey had maintained that the Zacharys were implicated in the massacre. . . .

It was now that the middle Zachary brother, Cash, returned from a cattle drive to Wichita. He told Ben of one other thing he'd done: in an attempt to find the truth about Rachel, Cash had gone to a Kiowa calendar keeper, Striking Horse, to see if the Indians had lost a baby in that long-ago summer.

Striking Horse said that if he found out, he would send word. Cash recalled now that Striking Horse hadn't asked where the Zacharys lived, but he judged the Kiowas knew where to find them.

Yes, I judge they do, Ben thought, hiding a bitter anger. He was convinced that, by his thoughtless action, Cash had made out death-warrants for them all. . . .

PART THREE

Zeb Rawlins Speaks Out

CASH said: "I don't know why we never thought of this before. Papa could have proved long ago that she hasn't a drop of Kiowa blood, right out of those Kiowa history calendars. Easier then than now. . . ." Ben could hardly bring himself to listen. What Cash had done was to give the Kiowas an indisputable confirmation of Kelsey's tale.

But he saw too what had blinded Cash to his mistake. Their mother's wishful assumption that Rachel was of pure blood had stood in Cash's mind as an unquestioned truth, without alternative, since before he could remember.

Ben knew why his father had never gone to the Kiowas for an answer. William Zachary had believed Rachel a Kiowa child. Perhaps, for all Ben knew, he had known it for certain.

It was no use to tell Cash that now. "You did a brave thing," was all Ben said, at last.

Nothing about Striking Horse came up to mar the triumph of Cash's return, that first day. The trouble they had on their hands right now was with the Rawlinses.

Zeb Rawlins and his two sons met the three Zachary brothers on a stripped and barren flat ten miles down the Dancing Bird river. Jude and Charlie Rawlins carried their carbines as they rode on either side of their father; and Zeb himself carried a long rifle in his lap as he drove his buggy.

Each of the Zachary boys saw at a glance that only the two carbines were repeaters. Jude's weapon was a Triplett and Scott, and Charlie's a Henry; but Zeb's rifle, with its uncommonly long thirty-inch barrel, was an old cap-and-ball Snyder—the weapon of a man who means to shoot once and make the one shot do.

The Zacharys left their carbines in their boots, but they were wearing their revolvers. They wore them butt first on the left, for cross-drawing when in the saddle.

The two parties pulled up with the noses of their animals a horse-length apart. Zeb Rawlins sat motionless, looking so solid and immovable that the buggy was made to look frail. Ben noticed how his great weight bore down its springs.

"My brother sold your cows," Ben said shortly.

Zeb's eyes went to Cash, who spoke briskly. "Twelve hundred and nineteen head, as loaded at Wichita. Average for the herd, twenty-six dollars and eight cents a head. Your pro-rate of cost, one thousand and four. Leaves you thirty thousand, seven hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty-two cents."

Watching Zeb's face, Ben could see no change in his neighbour's dark and heavy mood. Cash

Continued on page 29

"You come here," Hagar said, "to this house. Yo

come and stand afore me. What blasphemy can there be that you would draw back from?" Looking into the terrible eyes, Rachel was certain Hagar was insane . . .

In St. George Street, Mayfair, double-parking leads to more congestion. Time and petrol are often wasted driving around seeking a parking space

Where do we park?

by DOUGLAS KEAY

Traffic chaos costs the nation £1 million a week. The problem can be solved—but the motorist will have to pay

A WEALTHY Birmingham business man recently considered moving his offices from the crowded city centre because he found it so difficult to park his car. Another business man, Ralph Pearce, suggested that he should use the multi-storey garage which Pearce had opened three hundred yards away, and agreed, for an additional pound a month, to have the man's car collected from his office each morning and returned in the evening.

"Altogether, it added £4 10s. a month to his car running expenses," says Pearce, "but he reckoned it was costing him almost that much in wasted time, frayed temper and parking fines."

Pearce's multi-storey garage is the only one built in Britain since the war. Completed just over a year ago at a cost of £50,000, it has five storeys capable of holding 250 vehicles. The cars are taken up by lift and shifted into place by rollers. The parking charge for a medium-sized car is 4s. a day, or £3 10s. for a month of daytime parking.

Despite the desperate parking problem in Birmingham, the garage is rarely more than eighty per cent full, and Pearce admits that without the servicing facilities which he combines with the garage his profits would be marginal.

"It's human nature," he says, "for motorists to leave their cars in the streets where parking still costs nothing."

Police and garage owners in other towns have found it impossible to ban kerbside parking, or to entice motorists from it.

Approximately 40,000 vehicles are parked in the inner streets of London every working day, half as many again as in 1951. Of these, 20,000 are left for most of the day. Only about nine thousand are parked in garages Recently one man left his £1,430 car on Blackfriars Bridge for five days before the police towed it away. Another went as far as the High Court to appeal against a 40s. fine for wrongful parking. The number of drivers prosecuted for obstruction or wrongful parking in the Metropolitan Police district in 1955 was 35,178.

The loss to the nation in time and fuel wasted through congestion has been put at £60 million a year—more than £1 million a week. Kerbside parking is blamed for most of the congestion in city streets. It has helped to reduce the average speed of traffic in large towns by between four and seven miles per hour in the last twenty years. London Transport allows for a bus averaging only seven and a half miles per hour in inner London. In other large towns the average speed of traffic is less than 15 m.p.h.

Britain has nearly seven million licensed vehicles, about thirty-eight for every one of the 184,000 miles of classified roads. Before the war there were only 3,150,000. By 1963, according to the Road Research Board, the figure will be 11 million.

London County Council's 1951 Development Plan imaginatively swept away whole streets and built mighty buildings for a new postwar London. But it made no proposals about parking because, without government aid, neither local authorities nor private enterprise were likely to build garages or car parks. The plan's authors thought that if cleared land could be bought for £100,000 per acre and turned into car parks the economic charge would have to be £1 a day. Multi-storey garages, taking many more cars, could not let space at less than 5s. a day.

IN 1955 John Boyd-Carpenter, then Minister of Transport, turned down an £11 million scheme for garages beneath nine central London squares and for eleven multi-storey garages. The reason was the cost and the damage to trees caused by excavation.

Since then, however, private enterprise and some local authorities have made their own plans.

A big store in Oxford Street, London, is building a seven-storey garage behind the shop, at a cost of £1,750,000. When completed, it will hold one thousand cars. Parking will not be restricted to customers' cars and, as a result, it is hoped to clear vehicles off neighbouring Harley Street, Baker Street and Portland Square.

A large garage firm is behind another scheme for an underground garage beneath Finsbury Square, in central London. The City of London is considering plans by private developers to erect two multi-storey garages for one thousand vehicles, and has earmarked sites for ten others. Last July, Manchester City Council approved in principle a £1,500,000 plan for two thousand parking meters, an underground garage and a multi-storey car park. Bristol has plans for a six-storey garage near Temple Meads station. Hemel Hempstead New Town planners suggested that shops should be built with roofs strong enough to support parked cars.

The cost of the most popular multi-storey garage works out at between £300 and £700 per vehicle, depending on the site cost, design and materials used. It is expected that the new garages in this country will charge between 4s. and 7s. 6d. a day.

The government favours off-street parking, but expects local authorities to pay for multi-storey and underground garages with the money collected from parking meters. First introduced in Oklahoma twenty years ago, meters are now used extensively in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, New Zealand and Australia. America has 1,500,000 in four thousand cities.

The Westminster City Council plans a pilot scheme in Mayfair in which meters will take sixpence for the first hour, a shilling for the second, and ten shilling for excess time. If the scheme is a success it is planned that 20,000 meters will be placed in inner London to cater for the 40,000 cars that normally use the streets for parking. Meters cost about £30, and are expected to bring in around £40 a year each.

Other long-term measures include building standards which ensure that in any new buildings—offices, cinemas, hotels—provision is made for car parking.

Nevertheless, Britain still lags far behind other countries in dealing with the parking problem. Most European countries have built multi-storey garages in their large towns. Three years ago Chicago opened an underground garage for 2,359 cars. Claimed to be the largest in the world, it involved the moving and replacing of trees, fountains, water mains, sewers, and police and fire alarms. The total cost was £3 million. Now Chicago is planning to build another four, costing altogether £18 million. THE END

by CHRIS CHATAWAY

The Russian girl who showed me Moscow

She was a fervent patriot, and we argued far into the night. When she was angry, she said, eyes blazing, "You are filled with lies"

EARLY in 1955 I was invited to a charity dinner in Toronto, Canada. Sportsmen from all over the world attended and wealthy Canadians paid large sums for seats. The proceeds went to helping crippled children.

I enjoyed travelling the Atlantic free just for a dinner. It was a unique and interesting experience—the only time in my life, I imagine, that I shall speak fifteenth in a list of twenty-one after-dinner speakers. I sat between the heavyweight champion of the world, Rocky Marciano —"I hate fighting and I hate training," he assured me, "but I got to make a living"—and Miss Marilyn Bell, a seventeen-year-old Canadian who had become a national heroine overnight by winning a long-distance swimming race across Lake Ontario.

Conversations I had with sportsmen and officials there strengthened my growing conviction that today the amateur code in sport is really no more than a sham.

One of the organizers of the annual Toronto Exhibition told me about an American athlete who had been invited to compete in a Toronto meeting. When the athlete got to the airport, he rang up the organizer and said: "I want seven hundred dollars to run this afternoon."

"I am sorry," was the reply. "We simply can't afford that much."

The athlete refused to compete and took the next plane home.

Quite a few other U.S. athletes, it seems, can hardly be termed amateurs in the strict sense of the word. Wes Santee, a leading American miler, once publicly stated his intention of running until he had enough money to buy a ranch. And I well remember an occasion when a charming American runner thoroughly enjoyed shocking me by confessing: "I often get five hundred dollars a race at big indoor meets in the States. Three or four of us have reached that mark."

At Olympic Games I have met athletes and officials from Iron Curtain countries and learned a little of their sports set-ups. Most of the successful athletes, apparently, are kept by the state in nominal jobs. They have no financial worries. They devote unlimited time and energy to sport.

The fact is that amateurism is an altogether out-dated conception. Fifty years ago, when "gentlemen" wished to hold sports among themselves, it was reasonable that they should bar entry to professionals, who were so much better because they spent more time in training. Today the distinction between "gentlemen" and "professionals" does not exist.

In this country many promoters offer athletes sums ranging from £5 to £100 to run at the smaller meetings. Before my attitude on the subject was known, I had several such invitations from promoters in the north of England. I always refused their offers—not, frankly, for any ethical reason, but because I did not want to be in the hands of any promoter.

Anybody who has competed in present-day international athletics must admit that he has derived indirect financial benefit from it. Certainly I have. Yet a British pole vaulter by the name of Norman Gregor was never allowed to compete in international athletics because he admitted that, as a boy, he had received a few shillings at a local sports meeting.

It all seems to me to be making an unnecessary fuss about nothing. Why not face reality and do away entirely with the hypocrisy of amateurism? Those who wanted to run for nothing would still be just as free to do so as they are today. All the current underhand pretence would vanish.

There are problems, of course. "Where would

When he was working at Guinness's brewery, Chris Chataway took a leading part in the company dramatic society's production of "The Importance of Being Earnest"

Chataway and Brasher at the Dynamo Stadium, Moscow. At training sessions the Russians provided hampers of fruit

In London two years ago, three men ran the four-minute mile in one race—Tabori, of Hungary, Chataway and Brian Hewson

Hewson was married this year to Roberta Bassford. They worked in the same store

the money come from to pay the athletes?" people ask.

The answer is that no money need change hands at Olympic Games or international meetings; the incentive there would be, as it is now, the incentive of prestige. As far as other meetings are concerned, the income to sport could be greatly increased by organizing them on a more efficient business footing.

"How could bookmakers, fixed races and corruption be avoided if sport were professional?" it is objected. Rules would certainly have to be enforced to guard against these evils, but I do not see that the problem would be any more difficult than it is at present.

The most powerful argument against abolishing the amateur-professional distinction is that many of the present honorary officials who give such selfless service to sport would resign in protest. Nevertheless, I believe that, in all honesty, the reform must soon be made.

IN the winter of 1954-55, having defeated Vladimir Kuts, of Russia, in the five thousand metres at the White City, I became anxious to give up athletics.

That race had given me the satisfaction of reaching the limit of my endurance. Matched against a runner who, at the time, was of almost identical ability, I had experienced completely the thrill of competition and the exhilaration of winning.

I felt no doubt that, with more training, I could run faster. But standards were rising quickly; athletes had to be prepared to devote more and more hours to training. I had no inclination to drift into the life of the full-time international sportsman.

However, when I received an invitation to run in South Africa I accepted it immediately. I had long been interested in South Africa's political problems and welcomed the opportunity to see something of them for myself.

On a biting cold January day I set off from London Airport. Thirty-six hours later, embarrassed by an overcoat and heavy clothes, I stepped out on to the burning tarmac of the airport at Johannesburg. I went to stay with a friend, Robin Rudd, whom I had known at Oxford University and who was working for a big diamond firm.

"While you are here," he said, "you must meet Father Huddleston."

Father Huddleston, the well-known opponent of *apartheid*, came to dinner. A thin, gaunt man in clerical habit, he sat for a while sipping a whisky and soda, talking about casual things. Then, knowing what I really wanted to hear from him, he started to tell the story of his struggle. He spoke sadly and quietly at times, but there was no anger and no bitterness. There was none of the crusading fanatic about him.

Although it appeared that Father Huddleston did more each day than I did in a month, he stayed till midnight, answering my questions. Since that evening, I have often thought that history may judge the important problem of the last half of the twentieth century to be, not any ideological struggle, but the clash between the white and the coloured races.

I saw as much of South Africa as I could in two weeks. I looked at Sophiatown, where the Africans lived, huddled under sacking, old boxes and corrugated iron. I saw the long queues of Africans patiently waiting for the non-European buses. Outside Durban I looked at clean, pleasant little houses—but they were set apart, built specifically for Africans.

In Cape Town, I had a glimpse of what a beautiful country nature has designed South Africa to be.

I regarded the trip as an educative and sightseeing tour. I knew that I had to run, but I looked upon that solely as a means to the end. I had made it clear to my athletic hosts that I should not, in the middle of the English winter, be anywhere near my best running form.

First, I had a three-mile race in Johannesburg. No South African had a time within a minute of my best, and I was not expecting a particularly hard race. All the same, it turned out to be one of the most testing I ever ran. After four laps, covered in the slow time of four minutes fifty seconds, I found myself desperately short of breath.

I won by a narrow margin in a slow time. I was still exhausted, and puzzled that the race had been so hard, when the organizer came up to me. "Did you find it heavy going?" he asked.

"I found it agonizing," I said.

"All visitors do. It's the altitude. We're five thousand seven hundred feet above sea level here—and it takes a lot of getting used to."

I have heard since that Brian Statham, the England Test cricketer, finds it necessary to take oxygen twice a day when playing in Johannesburg.

My other two races in South Africa were more comfortable. I ran a mile in Durban and set up a South African two-mile record in Cape Town.

All those whom I ran against were white men. Probably the best three-miler in South Africa today is a coloured boy. But he is not allowed to run against white South Africans, and cannot enter for the Olympic Games.

If I had ever been asked to the Union again, I should have made it a condition that I competed also with Africans.

On returning to London, I found Franz Stampfl, the athletics coach, holding court at the Duke of York's Barracks in King's Road, Chelsea. The number of athletes he was handling seemed to have increased still further since our last meeting. Roger Bannister had retired, but Chris Brasher was training with him regularly.

"Think of the races you lost last year," Stampfl said to me. "This year you could really do something. Go to the 1956 Olympics; then, if you like, give up."

My will for athletics was no longer as strong as it had been in the past, but the spring came on and I felt like taking exercise again. My work finished at 4.30 p.m. each day and I had plenty of time for training.

I had a job at Guinness's brewery at Park Royal, London, as a trainee executive. Nevertheless, I still hankered after journalism of some kind. Commercial television was on the way, and I wondered if it might offer an opportunity as a news or current affairs reporter. I asked a friend on the Oxford University Appointments Board to send me all that he could find on the composition of the new companies. I discovered that Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., whom I had met at the House of Commons on two occasions, was a director of Broadcast Relay Service, which was to have a share in forming a television company called Associated-Rediffusion. He put me on to some of the men who were already engaged in recruiting staff.

They seemed quite prepared to take me as a sports commentator, but I knew that my interest in sport was not deep enough for me to be happy in making a job out of it. I told them that I was interested in political and general news reporting.

Franz Stampfl, who had been so much responsible for Bannister's famous four-minute mile, was now planning another offensive. He poured forth enthusiasm. Brian Hewson, a promising young runner, was training under him. "He is ready to do a mile in four minutes now," declared Franz. Even Stampfl's admirers laughed; Hewson had not done anything like it.

"You could do it, too—easily," he assured me. But I had not come within four seconds of such a time, and four seconds in a mile is a long way.

On the eve of the start of commercial television: Chataway with Barbara Mandell and Robin Day, of Independent Television News

NOW I began to train with Hewson regularly. He was, I found, a gifted runner, but with a volatile temperament. At times he was full of confidence, but at others he needed much encouragement from Stampfl. If his running did not go so well, and Stampfl did not prod, Brian might waste time on the telephone to his bookmaker. He was a keen racing enthusiast, and never let training prevent him from getting the racing results at the earliest possible moment.

The changing-room at the Duke of York's often looked like an outfitter's annual sale. There was a sprinter we knew as Henry, who had a barrow in the Paddington district.

"Who'd like some lovely silk handkerchiefs, scarves or neckties? You don't see stuff like this very often," he'd say, spreading out his wares over the benches. Henry was a good sprinter, and an even better salesman. Before and after training he would get through a lot of business.

Meanwhile, Brian, who was in the army, but ran a thriving free-lance tailoring business, took orders and measured for suits. Trained in Savile Row, he was an expert at his craft and found a ready customer in Franz Stampfl, who was always immaculately and stylishly dressed.

Training with Hewson was often delayed by a good-natured but lengthy harangue from Stampfl. "Now this suit you have produced for me, Brian," he would say. "It is fantastic. Eighteen inches I said for the trouser bottoms. And what are they? About thirty!" To the rest of us, the garment in question usually looked a faultless creation. In the end, Stampfl would be silenced and we would get on with our training.

At the Whitsun British Games Hewson and I made our attempt on the four-minute mile. With a lap and a half to go, Hewson swept into the lead. I managed to stay with him. We passed the three-quarter mile mark in three minutes two seconds.

Although my own training had not been impressive, I determined that I would try to outsprint him on the final straight. We had a chance, I thought, of getting inside four minutes. As Brian accelerated, I kept just behind him. We were on the last bend and I was gathering myself for a winning effort when a figure streaked past both of us on the outside, to win by a clear six yards. It was Laszlo Tabori, of

Who's been enjoying my Dari-Rich ...?

Half an hour ago...

Mum left an open box of Dari-Rich around. Dad started it all. Couldn't stop himself— practically went the whole hog. Then came Anne; she couldn't resist that truffle. Enter Tom, and that put paid to a nutty one, "just one". Who can blame them— buy a box of Dari-Rich and watch your family fall!

I ate the truffle

I'm a soft-hearted creature.
I like chocolates that just melt away.
All smoothness and gorgeous flavour.
Coffee and strawberry creams,
montelimart, Turkish Delight.

I ate the nut log

I'm a hard man to please. I like
a centre you can get your teeth into.
Caramels, cracknels, all the crunchy kinds.
Plenty to chew your way
through in a box of Dari-Rich.

I ate the whole top layer

(While the others were being so choosy!)
I don't know how they make that Caley
rich milk chocolate, but I know why they
call it Dari-Rich. Really makes you think
of fresh creamy milk. Makes you think?
Not likely. Makes you eat!

1 lb 1 4 ½ lb 2/6 1 lb 5 -

DR348

Enjoy the dairy richness in Caley Dari-Rich

A. J. CALEY LTD, NORWICH

Hungary. I had hardly heard of him before the race, and had certainly never dreamed that he was just behind me in the last lap.

I finished second—a foot or two ahead of Hewson—and all three of us broke four minutes. Franz, far from being overjoyed at having coached two more runners to this time, was wringing his hands and saying: "It was *my* fault. I should have thought of Tabori. The way we planned it, Brian just did all the pacing, all the work for him."

There followed my most successful athletics season. I ran another mile close to four minutes in bad conditions. I won the A.A.A. three miles comfortably from Derek Ibbotson. And I beat the world three-mile record.

It was during that summer that I felt capable, if the opportunity arose, of bettering almost any world record between fifteen hundred and five thousand metres. The records were not so good then as they are today, and I believe that I might—given the luck that is always necessary—have been able to beat most of them. But the chasing of records seemed to me then, and it does today, to be on the whole a barren and pointless occupation.

For a while, there is a certain attraction in trying to run faster, throw or jump farther than anybody has succeeded in doing before. But this is not real athletics. The planned mechanical battle against the clock is a dry substitute for the uncertainties, the tactical struggles, the sudden excitement of competition between human beings.

By the end of June, 1955, I was resenting more and more the time and energy that athletics wasted. Sometimes Franz Stampfl had the power to persuade me that there was a point in it, but early in July he left Britain to live in Australia. I saw him and his wife, Patsy, off.

"We'll see you in Melbourne next year," he said.

He knew that I wanted very much to win an event at an Olympic Games, but I recognized that running, from being a sport, had now become for me an obligation. I wondered whether in fact I would be at the Olympic Stadium in sixteen months' time.

A few weeks earlier my secretary had left a message on my desk in the office. "Mr. Aidan Crawley of Independent Television would like you to call him."

I went to see him.

"I am looking for reporters and newscasters," he said. "We are trying out a large number of people. If you are interested in this sort of work, you can come along to do a test."

I asked what the job would entail.

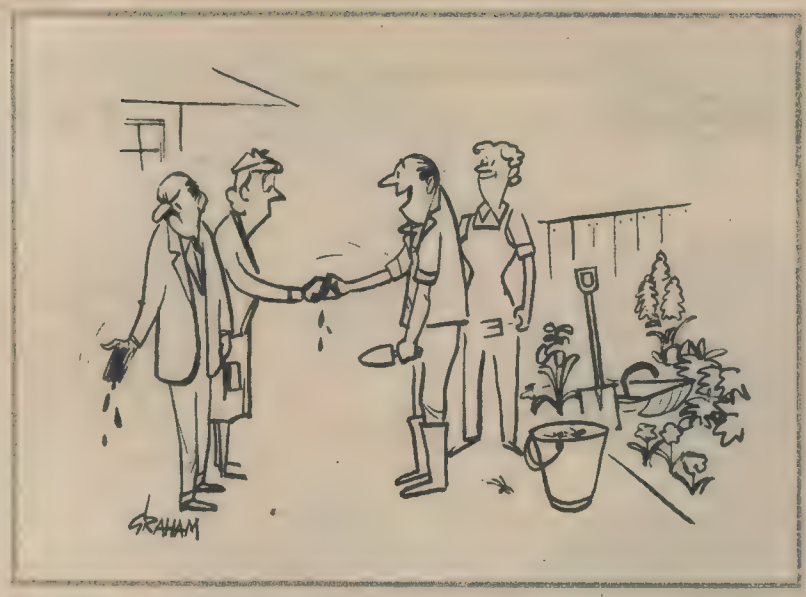
"Well," he replied, "if Mr. Adlai Stevenson arrived at London Airport, a great crowd of reporters would be there to meet him. You would have to get something from him. By the time you had got to the front, you would probably only be able to put one question. His answer has to be news, so your question would have to be a good one."

He explained that in his news service he was not intending to use announcers who merely read material written by others. Subject to his supervision, and from information supplied by the newsroom, the newscasters would be responsible for preparing their own bulletins and presenting the news in their own way. This seemed to be the opportunity I had been looking for.

I was sent an eight-page factual summary of a sample day's news. On this I wrote a five-minute piece, giving what I considered to be the most important happenings in as lively and informative a manner as I could. During my day in the office I did my best at odd moments to memorize what I had written.

At 5 p.m. I arrived at a pleasant Georgian house in Hampstead where Independent Television News was carrying out "closed circuit" tests. Inside were hosts of frighteningly efficient secretaries and a mountain of television equipment. Cameras and cables littered what had once been a fashionable drawing-room.

I was told that the editor and his deputy were concealed in a viewing



room below stairs, and would be watching my efforts on a monitor screen.

I sat at a desk, turning over in my mind the carefully concocted phrases of the night before. A camera was wheeled into position. I was cued by the assistant. Conscious of the scrutiny of unseen eyes, I began my piece. It was not a success. My phrases were written ones and did not, as I said them, sound natural to me. Half-way through I dried up completely and had to start again.

"It was not as bad as you thought," they said. "Come again for another chance." In fact, I had two more tests, was short-listed and eventually offered the job.

I spent a week thinking it over. It seemed to be almost exactly what I wanted. My only fear was that the newscasters, under the day-to-day pressure of getting a bulletin out on time, might be forced into the position of announcers, reading what others had written. After much heart-searching, I started work with I.T.N. in the middle of August.

A skeleton staff had been assembled in bare, makeshift offices in Kingsway. There seemed to be no equipment at all—no cameras, no lights, very few

CLOTHES—I

I hate to see men over-dressed. A man ought to look as if he's put together by accident, not added up on purpose.

Christopher Morley

typewriters even—and it was hard to imagine that the company could provide a new service in just one month's time, when commercial television was due to start.

Every day we produced two bulletins. When each of them had been finally written and agreed upon, the whole staff—telephone girls, secretaries, office boys—gathered round a desk at which I and the other apprentice newscaster, Robin Day, sat. One of the producers held up a wooden frame, which we tried to imagine was a camera, and in turn we delivered the news at it.

My fear of being allowed to do no more than announce was dispelled by my first meeting with Robin Day. It was quite impossible to imagine him as a mere mouthpiece. He was a determined character, exuding ideas and energy. A former President of the Oxford Union, he had been an information officer with the British Information Service in Washington, and then for a short time a talks producer with B.B.C. radio.

We found an immediate identity of interest, being much in agreement on the kind of news we wished to feature. We wanted to be reliable without being stodgy or pompous, to present news and to interview in a more forthright and direct manner than had yet been done on the B.B.C.'s television news service.

We were anxious to evolve a popular style of television journalism, but to avoid a perpetual emphasis on trivial "human interest" stories.

In the first week of practice the newsroom sent over a sad but everyday tale about a baby that had been left by its mother under the seat of a railway carriage. Despite a number of international issues of grave importance, the newsroom wanted "the baby under the train seat" to be the second main story.

Robin Day and I refused. "We will include it as the last item, if there is time," we said. The matter was referred to the editor. There was at least an hour of heated argument—something at which the mother involved would, I am sure, have been much surprised. Eventually our view prevailed, but the disagreement was symptomatic of a difference in aim between us and some of the newsroom journalists.

"Baby-under-the-train-seat stuff" became for us a description of the kind of material to which we tried not to give prominence.

Those first weeks of hectic preparation were not all argument, of course. There was the excitement of starting something entirely new, of producing an efficient team out of the journalists, producers, film editors, cameramen and complete newcomers who went to make up the news company.

The full equipment for I.T.N. arrived only the day before the opening of commercial television. There was one full dress rehearsal. I was chosen to put over the first news bulletin. Now that the pattern of commercial television has become so familiar, it is perhaps hard to imagine the excitement and the feeling of occasion that there was on that first day. The B.B.C.'s monopoly was at long last to be broken, and nobody, I think, knew quite what to expect.

My own feelings of nervousness were very similar to those that I had experienced so often before a big race. I prepared the bulletin well in advance, learned the film cues, rehearsed the timing. I thought of the number of occasions that I had appeared on television to be interviewed. I had never thought twice about that. But then nothing had depended upon it. I had not been worried at all as to what I said or how I said it. Now so much seemed to hang upon the public's first reactions to this attempt to break away from the conventional B.B.C. presentation of news.

I wanted to be as different as possible from the B.B.C.'s newsreaders; to use my script as little as I could and appear more as a human being recounting the happenings of the day.

The studio light turned red, the clock ticked off the last few seconds, and the studio manager dropped her hand. I began.

All seemed to be going well. I felt relaxed. But there is an unreality about talking to a television camera for any length of time. The silence becomes oppressive. The complete lack of reaction to anything one says begins to be worrying.

Is the equipment working? I wondered. *Is anybody really hearing all this?*

On my left was a television monitor which showed what was going out on transmission. What a relief it would be, I thought, to find out if I was *really* on the air! I knew full well that I ought not to look away from the camera, but gradually the temptation became irresistible. I finished a sentence, and shot a quick glance at the monitor.

My reward was a disheartening picture of myself looking furtively over my left shoulder.

Next day the television critics were enthusiastic about I.T.N.'s début. But one of them did mention that "halfway through the bulletin, Chataway seemed to revert to the running track and took an anxious look behind him as if to see whether an opponent was on his heels."

The weeks that followed were busy ones. Each day I arrived at the office at 10 a.m. for the editor's conference, and often did not leave until nearly midnight.

I did a few filmed interviews, but most of my time was spent as a newscaster, preparing bulletins, attending post-mortems on previous days' work, discussing policy and the form our programmes should take. The discussions and talks in the early months were interminable.

ROBIN DAY and I were anxious to make the most of the job of newscaster though, not unnaturally, the sub-editors in the newsroom, many of whom were journalists of much experience, felt that we were being given too great a scope. They wished to have their material read just as they had written it, and not rephrased or, as sometimes happened; rejected.

Day and I sometimes made decisions that led to disagreements. "I have been in Fleet Street for fifteen years, and I can tell you . . ." was the prelude to many an argument. Obviously, we were woefully behind in journalistic experience, and there was nothing we could do about that. What we could attempt was to read widely, and try to ensure that we had as broad a knowledge of what was going on in the world as the sub-editors.

We were able to argue that TV was a new medium, that the laws governing the written word did not necessarily apply to the screen.

When appearing in front of the cameras I always tried to imagine that I was telling two or three people of the important, interesting and amusing things of the day. I used the words that I normally would use in such circumstances. Often this meant putting things in ways in which they would never have been written.

Gradually, harmony was achieved at I.T.N. Disagreements became fewer. Each side recognized a certain degree of competence in the other. . . .

In the same month that commercial television opened I had a most interesting athletics engagement to fulfil. I took part in an international match against Russia in Moscow. The team was to fly out the day before the meeting, but Chris Brasher and I arranged to have ten days in Moscow before they arrived.

After a terrifying journey from Helsinki to Leningrad, skimming, as it seemed, a few feet above the treetops with a pilot who, we decided, was a frustrated stunt flyer, we arrived in Moscow late at night. We did not think that the Russians would know of our arrival, but at the bottom of the gangway was a reception committee of about a hundred.

Girls presented us with flowers, athletes pinned badges on to our lapels, officials handed us booklets. We were introduced to our interpreter—a not unattractive young woman called Lera. Two harassing hours later the crowd had disappeared, and we were alone in the vast dining-room of the Hotel Moscwa with Lera and Alexi, a young official who was attached to us.

Because we were in the capital as

sportsmen, we were, I believe, looked upon with only slight suspicion. We were allowed more freedom to see what we wanted, and people spoke with us more openly than would have been the case with a visiting delegation of politicians or business men.

We wandered round Moscow, seeing the overcrowding, the drabness and the poverty. We were shown the great agricultural exhibition. After asking several times, we were eventually taken to the market—a baffling, dirty relic of capitalism where peasants bring and sell the produce grown on their land. Chris Brasher took photographs.

"You take more pictures of the poor places than you take of Moscow University or our fine new buildings," Lera said accusingly. "You want to give a bad impression."

She was a fervent young patriot and Communist, a university graduate, highly indoctrinated, and engaged to an up-and-coming young member of the party. Into the small hours of every morning we sat and argued over cups of coffee with her and a group of English-speaking university teachers and students. They were, of course, "reliable" people, carefully selected as suitable companions for us. But they were sincere and eager to discuss. They passionately believed in the arguments that they put forward.

"Why do you re-arm West Germany?" a teacher asked. "We have fought the Germans at the gates of Moscow, and we know what it is like. Do you want to start that all over again?"

We explained that West German rearmament was only necessary because East Germany and the other satellites were so heavily armed.

"That is only what your capitalist press tells you," he said. "We have not given arms to any East Germans."

And beyond that point, as in so many other discussions, we could carry the argument no farther. We started from different premises. From their press they believed one thing; from what we had read we believed another. Neither side had first-hand knowledge of the facts; each distrusted the other's source of information.

"Why do you allow yourselves to be ruled by a queen?" Lera said. "Do you not want to be free?"

We tried to explain the constitutional position of the monarchy in Britain and added: "The Queen is very popular. When she went to Canada recently many thousands turned out to see and cheer her."

"I know why they did that," said Lera. "They were all unemployed people who wanted work."

As we had both been to Canada recently we could tell her that we knew it to be one of the richest countries in the world with very little unemployment. But she did not believe us.

One day she took us to the circus. While some clever jugglers were performing she turned and said with a smile: "They are very cunning—just like you."

We soon realized that it was superoptimism to think that in a few days we could in any way affect their beliefs. It was useless to argue, but fascinating to find out what they believed. They had all read Dickens and Galsworthy, and that was the picture of Britain they carried in their minds—a society where the rich, privileged few lorded it over the poverty-stricken masses.

One day I pointed to a bust of Stalin and asked Lera why there were portraits of Lenin and Stalin everywhere.

"They were great men, and good men," she said. "We love them for all that they have done for our land, and we cannot honour them too much." She spoke of Stalin with the passion of a born worshipper who is denied the comfort of a supernatural God. In a non-Communist country she would have been a deeply religious person.

I tried to question her about Stalin's mass deportations and murders. Her eyes flashed, and she was for the only time blazing with anger. "Ah, you are filled with lies. With your dirty bourgeois upbringing you cannot understand fine things and great men."

A few months later Kruschev delivered his famous denunciation of Stalin at the twentieth Party Congress. I cannot conceive its effect on Lera.

It was possible to feel sympathy for her, but she was too arrogant and dogmatic a person to be likeable.

Many of her friends I liked. They were not rebellious enough to question any of the political beliefs on which they had been reared. But they had a sense of humour and an engaging simplicity and frankness. They were very hospitable, taking enormous trouble to entertain us.

One evening we went to the Bolshoi Ballet with two of them. They had spent the whole of the previous day getting tickets for us.

"Do you like my suit?" asked one of them.

It was certainly much better than the shoddy, shapeless garments that Russians normally wore, and I told him that I thought it was very elegant.

"My friend who is a diplomat brought it from England," he explained. It was, in fact, from a well-known cheap British tailor. Our companion was immensely proud of it and had worn it for five years, but only on important occasions.

WHEN the time for the races arrived it was fortunate that I did not have to run against Kuts, because after ten days of sightseeing and late-night discussions I was very tired. I had a relatively easy win against light opposition in the five thousand metres.

Derek Johnson running in the eight hundred metres had a much harder race. He had been unwell, and almost collapsed at the finish. This gave rise to an incident which, in a week of surprises, astonished me the most of all.

Immediately after the match I had to catch an aeroplane back to London. Lera accompanied me in a car to the airport. She had a confidential and friendly air about her. She leaned over and said in a rather conspiratorial way: "Derek Johnson nearly fainted after the race, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"That doesn't usually happen to fit athletes, does it?"

"No. They're not generally as exhausted as that."

"Was there any special reason why he collapsed, then?"

She was evidently trying to get at something, but I could not see what.

Then in an intimate whisper, which did not suit her at all, she said: "Just tell me. I won't let anyone know. Do you all take drugs before you run?"

I'm afraid that I could do nothing but laugh until the tears streamed down my cheeks, while Lera kept repeating rather weakly: "I am *sure* you take drugs."

NEXT WEEK: I have to decide—sport or work?

MY BROTHER Bernard

AS a child, Bernard was allowed to polish his elder brother's motor-cycle, and one afternoon he took the bike out and started it up. He could only just reach the handlebars, and before he knew where he was the machine was careering down the road at speed. The bike ran into a garage wall and Bernard ended up in hospital with severe concussion and a dislocated left shoulder.

He emerged six weeks later with one arm still in a sling, and went at once to the motor-bike to prove to himself that his last ride had merely been unlucky. Off he went again, and this time he came back from hospital with both his arms in slings.

His high spirits and enthusiasms often got him into trouble. Indeed, he was once expelled from Sunday School.

We lived near Uxbridge, and although the church hall was only a short distance from our home, Bernard was always so busy that he invariably arrived late for classes. The minister, not unnaturally, became irritated and one day he posted a senior boy outside the classroom door with strict instructions to turn away all latecomers.

Shortly afterwards the class was surprised to hear a fierce scuffle going on outside the door. The minister opened it just in time for Bernard to march in over the prostrate form of the doorkeeper. Poor Bernard was very bewildered to find himself being first complimented for his eagerness to attend school and then being reprimanded for his uncouth behaviour.

One of his truly horrible failures was a cake which he decided to make one day when he was left alone. From watching Mother at work, he knew how to make the mixture, but he then excitedly added all the spices, sweets and chocolates he could find. To give the cake a peppermint flavour he added a squeeze of toothpaste and to make the outside shiny he smeared it with brilliantine.

Amazingly, it came out of the oven looking extremely good and, as we came in to tea, Bernard proudly offered us a slice. He was very hurt when his cake ended up in the fire.

Bernard got his first mention in the press when he won a hand-writing competition, and he was still more pleased when an expert, who claimed to be able to interpret handwriting, commented: "This boy can do well if he keeps his head. He has a streak of comedy which may take him a long way."

Bernard was enormously proud of the commendation, and I think he felt he had to live up to it.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 28

The stubbornest man

Continued from page 15

father, who kept a 450-acre farm, was the finest local preacher on the circuit and wrote blank verse.

The girl let Dorothy do most of the talking, was poised, interested and didn't rattle her teacup. And then, when Dorothy spoke about the blank verse, the girl made an interested comment.

Fred leaned towards her. "Were you at the university, too?" he asked.

The girl nodded. "But I didn't know Bill then," she said. "I took my degree in English. I'm teaching now—at the girls' grammar school."

"English?" Fred said, glancing at William again. This was something he'd not hoped for. "Literature?"

"Of course," she said, looking amusedly at him over her teacup.

For a minute he was quiet, thinking about this astonishing fact, that William—William, who had revolted loudly and strongly, in his early adolescence, against Shakespeare and Dickens and all his father held dear—should have come home with this intelligent, literary girl who talked so well.

But no sooner had Fred realized how pleased he was with the girl than all his pleasure was shattered. And it was William that started it.

"Hope you don't mind, Dad," he said. "But Judith and I are going to slip over to John's later on. He wants us to see a programme on his TV."

Television! He had two sons and he had brought them up no better than this, that when they met after being months apart they could bother with some silly toy like television.

"Do you like this television, miss?" He turned hopefully to the girl.

"Some programmes," she said. "And it's nice when I'm feeling lazy."

He had been fooled, and he didn't like it. She was the same as the rest of the young people; like Dorothy, too, his wife; TV and milking machines.

He turned his face away and said bitterly: "I've never had much time myself for that kind of nonsense."

William broke in, with a hard edge to his voice. "I know quite a lot of things that you never had much time for."

They ate supper in virtual silence. Afterwards Dorothy and the girl talked, while Fred and William sat silent, not looking at each other. Fred kept his hands in his lap and once he caught the girl looking at them strangely.

Then it was almost dark, and Dorothy said gently: "What about the cows, Fred?" He said nothing, but, knowing he couldn't put it off any longer, got out of his chair as easily as he could and left the room.

In the cowshed he started with Cymbeline. At the first try to close his hand on the teat, he knew he wouldn't be able to do it.

He remained seated for twenty minutes, until the worried restlessness of the cows drove him from the shed.

As he was setting the pails back on the floor of the porch, the kitchen door opened and Judith came out. Seeing him, she was startled, and gave a quick glance at the empty pails at his feet.

"Oh," she said, "I was just coming out to see the cows."

He looked at her, wondering what she had on her mind. Then he said, passing by her—rudely, he knew—and opening the kitchen door: "You'll miss your television show."

Before he closed the door he heard her say, her voice calm: "We're not expected for half an hour."

In the kitchen he got the keys for the old van from the nail over the sink, went through the hall to the side door, and out to the shed. He was barely able to get the key into the ignition lock, but he did it somehow, managed the gears and steering wheel, and pulled out of the shed and on to his farm road. He had to open two gates, but once on the road he was all right, and he had no trouble driving the mile and a half to the little modern house on the other end of the farm, where his elder son, John, lived.

The store shed was a good distance from the house, and unlocked. He had no trouble getting into it and finding what he wanted. There was some difficulty in carrying it back to the van, but he managed, and in ten minutes was driving on down the road with an electric milking machine beside him on

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the seat. He took the long way round the farm, so that he wouldn't meet the others on his way back. . . .

He thought at first that he had forgotten and had left the light on in the cowshed himself, but just as he opened the door he heard the ringing, metallic sound of milk jetting against the side of a pail; and then, with the door open, he saw the milking stool with Judith on it, her back to him. The cow was Rosalind. He glanced quickly at Cymbeline in her stall. She seemed relaxed. The girl must have come in as soon as he left.

After a moment, she turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder. Some of her hair had fallen over her forehead and she was smiling.

"You'd better hide that," she said, looking at the milking machine that hung awkwardly, from the crook of his arm. "Somebody might see you."

"But——" he said, knowing he must be staring at her.

She knew what he meant, and laughed lightly. "You're not the only farmer in the country," she said. "My father has two hundred acres in Lincolnshire." She smiled and turned back to what she was doing.

He stood there for what seemed a very long time. . . .

Finally, when she had finished with the cow and was preparing to move to another stall, he said, grinning in spite of himself: "As long as I've got this thing, we might as well use it."

They watched it work for a few minutes, and then he said: "What about the television?"

"Bill went on alone, I told him I—I would see John and Hilda tomorrow."

He stood watching her for a minute, silently, and then he asked her the important question, the one that he had

CLOTHES—2

Women who say they are indifferent to clothes, like men who say they do not mind what they eat, should be distrusted: there is something wrong.

J. B. Priestley

asked himself when he first came in. "How did you know——"

She looked at him squarely. "I saw you with the empty pails. And with your arthritis—and your pride——"

"Did Dorothy tell you about my arthritis?" he said.

"She didn't have to."

"No," he said, looking down at his great-veined, broad hands. "No, I suppose not." He turned and started to leave. As he started to open the cowshed door, there was the sound of a car coming into the farmyard. Why had William come back so soon?

She stopped him, saying: "We've not finished the milking yet." Her voice was gentle. "And I've got something to say, too."

"All right." He stopped and turned back to her. "But don't try to give me advice. I don't take it very well."

"Okay," she said, "But let's move this vacuum cleaner to another cow."

When they had the thing fastened to Titania, Judith said: "This is what I want to say. First, you should do something about the arthritis."

"Do what about it?" She knew how to talk to him all right. No hedging.

"See a doctor. They can do things for arthritis these days."

"And then?"

She brushed the hair away from her forehead, smiling a little. "And then stop thinking of Bill as just a boy."

"How do you know how I think of him?"

"How? From the way you treat him."

"All right. Perhaps I do treat him that way. But he asks for it. He thinks he knows how to farm, and he won't work for me."

"He wanted to work in the summers."

"Look," he said, letting it come out now, "I want a son, a son to farm with me—all the year round—a son to take over for me when I die. That's what I wanted when I sent William to that agricultural college to learn farming. Perhaps he could have learned to be a better farmer than I am. Perhaps he could be taking my farm over by now." He stopped for breath, glancing at his hands.

She was quiet for a moment. When she spoke again, her voice was gentle. "Perhaps you've got a son who wants to be all those things to you."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that Bill wants to ask you if he can come here to live. He's not going to teach, except one day a week, for the next two years, while he works on his research thesis. He's going to do research on irrigation, and he wants you to let him use ten acres for that, if you'll let him work for you in return. He wants to get his hands dirty again. That's one of the things he came here about. He wants to know if you'll let him come back. Perhaps for good."

He knew he was staring at her again. He was dazed by what she had said.

"Then why didn't he say something?" he asked.

"You haven't given him a chance yet. You started that fight about television."

"I started it? Perhaps I was rude to you—I suppose I was—but he had no need to make things worse."

"He hadn't?" Her voice was level again. "When you talked to me the way you did?" She smiled faintly. "Don't you think he has some pride?"

"All right," he said, "all right," trying to make his voice rough, but unable to keep down the excitement. The fourteen-acre piece behind the pasture—William could use that for his "research," whatever it was. And, for a place to live, the old cowman's cottage could be fixed up easily enough for one person. Or rather—he looked down at Judith—for two.

Titania bellowed abruptly. Judith looked startled, and then laughed. "We'd better look out or you're going to have a sore cow." She turned the milker off and disengaged it from Titania. "The last one," she said.

"Good." He put the top on the churn, which was almost full, straddled it and took hold of the handles.

"Hold on a minute," she said. "That's no way to treat that arthritis."

"Do you want me to leave the milk here?" He started to heave it off the ground, bracing his back for the strain.

"No." She stepped over and took one of the handles. "I grew up on a farm, remember. I've carried quite a few churns of milk before this."

"Well," he said, "you needn't carry this one." And then, going to the door, he called out: "William, come here a minute!" and then looked back at her, smiling.

Her eyes were wide. "You're calling Bill?"

"Why not? If he's going to work for me, it's time he started."

It took William less than a minute to get out to the cowshed. He was wearing a white shirt, open at the neck. Fred looked at him, pleased with his young, easy strength, his big, heavy farmer's hands, his broad, honest face.

"What is it, Dad?" William said.

"We must get this into the dairy," Fred said. "Give me a hand, will you —Bill?"

THE END

MY BROTHER BERNARD

See page 25

Bernard Miles, the character actor, is Miss Kathleen Miles's famous brother

"I beg your pardon. May we borrow the mayonnaise?"

The unforgiven

Continued from page 19

had described a great golden flood, all but unbelievable after the lean years that had gone before. Ben supposed Zeb must already have had news of the market from another source.

"You'll be paid off in gold coinage," Ben said. "Say when and where."

"I'll send for what's due me," Zeb said.

They waited until Zeb Rawlins was ready to go on.

"The charges made against you have not been fully proved," Zeb said. "Not yet."

"Watch your god-damned mouth," Ben said; and he watched Zeb's jowls begin to purple and shake.

"My daughter has been murdered," Zeb said, still speaking with slow weight. "It's enough for me that any part of the blame could be charged to you at all, by anybody whatsoever. Yet I'll do this one thing more. I'll buy out any rights you think you have here, together with whatever cattle of yours you don't want to drive off. Figure up your price, and send me word what it is. But I want to know soon."

Ben answered so reasonably that Cash shot him a glance of angry disbelief. "I might buy, or I might sell," he said. "Either way, I mean to cross-brand, first. There's too many cows on this range owned by marks on paper, and not enough owned by the right marks on the cows. If you want me to work yours, too, send a rep. It'll cost you the standard fifty cents a head."

"I'll send a rep," Rawlins conceded. "See that you keep your iron off the odd-brand cattle until he comes."

Ben's voice rose in anger for the first time. "I'll brand any damned critter I see fit."

"All I want," Zeb roared back at him, "is to get you Indian lovers to hell off my range."

In the quiet that followed, Andy flipped the reins clear of his gun.

"I'm sick of looking at them," Ben told his brothers. He turned his horse; and the moment for gunfire went by.

A week passed. Ben and Cash alternated days on the range, one staying home with two or three hands, picked for their interest in gun-fighting. The range crew quickly whipped through the last of the calf branding and began to sort the cattle.

Zeb Rawlins sent a rep, and the Rawlinses, for a time, stayed off the range. But afterwards, when the parting of the herds was complete? Doubtless both outfits would be cool and careful at first. Then bickerings would begin, and presently somebody's temper would break. Once the guns began to smoke, how could they ever be quieted again?

Meantime their debts had to be paid, a big job in itself; for all those thousands were owned in dribbles, to hundreds of cowmen, spread out over most of Texas. It was a job Ben felt he had to do himself: he wanted to find out what kind of friends he still had in Texas, for one thing.

He would be in the saddle many weeks, and he was eager to get at it. As soon as he got Cash well started with the cross-branding, he would be on his way.

As Ben bored into the range work, setting a brutal pace for the others, Rachel was watching the calendar in a little horse race of her own. Ben's birthday was coming up; she wanted him to be home for it. She had thought of something she could make for him.

THEY were at breakfast when Ben told them that he would ride south in the morning, leading the old bullion mule. No, he wasn't taking any men with him. Because he didn't need any, that was why. Robbers? What about robbers? Robbers had to take their chances same as anybody else. Come fooling around him, they probably deserved it.

He was leaving Cash with twelve men, including the cook and Andy. Four or five men and either Cash or Andy were going to be at the house all the time. The place would never be unguarded.

He shouted from the door for somebody to catch the mule. Mama exclaimed: "But I thought you said tomorrow."

"Oh sure; only thing, if I happen to be twelve, fifteen miles in the right direction come sundown, hardly any sense in riding it two ways. Pretty near amounts to a day. Though I expect to be home all right, if you want to set a plate. . . ."

"Now, Ben, you can come home for dinner just this one last night," Matthilda pleaded. "Please, now."

"I'll sure try," he promised. He was always shy and embarrassed when it came time for any big build-up of goodbyes. They knew he had maybe seized upon this way to get out of saying any at all. Rachel could only take a chance on it, and bake him a cake ahead of its time in hopes he would come home, this last night he could.

When the cake was frosted, she made for Ben the creation she had invented. Summer had turned hot early this year and, as they neared the end of June, the swampy sedge pockets along the Dancing Bird were green-scummed and still. This was the kind of summer that made a good firefly

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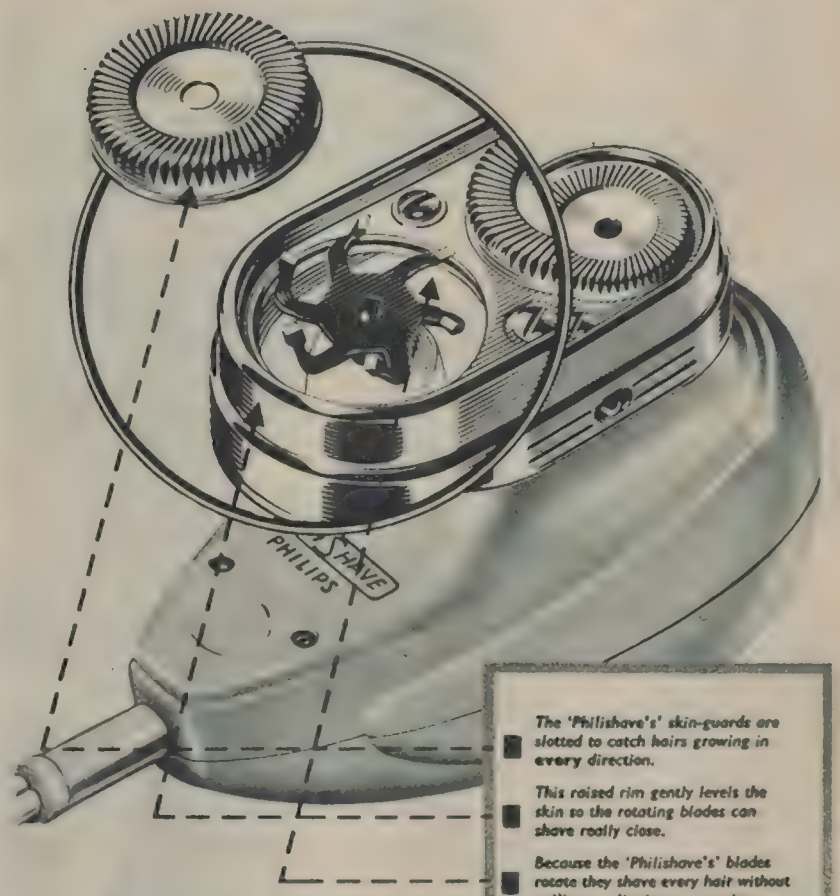

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year. Some years they saw hardly any, but this time they were all along the creek, all through the trees, by the middle of June.

And the ground cherries—the other thing she needed—were ready early, too. These were tiny plants that hid under the deep grass; they bore papery little lanterns the size of a strawberry, each with two small yellow berries inside. Experimenting, Rachel found she could get the twin berries out of the little lanterns and put a firefly in each instead.

So she made a firefly tree—and if there had ever been one in the world before, she hadn't heard of it. She cut a dried-out smoke bush, a skeleton of silvery twigs, about two and a half feet tall, and tied the ground-cherry lanterns all over it, dozens of them—though they looked like hundreds before she was through.

After that she had to wait for dusk, when the fireflies came out. Half the time she worried for fear Ben wouldn't come home, and the rest of the time for fear he would come early, before she was ready.

As soon as the first fireflies rose into twilight, she began lighting the firefly tree. On and off went the little lanterns, more and more of them lighting as she got fireflies into them, until by full dark the whole firefly tree was alive, working all the time. It showed up well for, though they were about at the end of the current Kiowa moon, they lit no candles, preferring to leave the shutters open for air. Rachel stuck the contraption in the middle of the birthday cake and waited for Ben to come and see it.

She sat up for a long time, in the dark beside the firefly tree, until finally she put her head on her arms and went to sleep.

It was close to midnight when Ben got home. The ringing of his spurs waked her. She raised her head as he came clumping in, and heard his fingers slap his holster before he knew who was there in the dark.

"I made you a cake," she said stupidly. "It's right here."

"Seems like some kind of tumblewood or something has grown up out of it," he said, fumbling in the dark. "My God, am I as late as that?"

She started to say: "It's supposed to—" then she realized that the firefly tree was dark.

"There's a lightning bug climbing on it," Ben said. One little lantern had gleamed weakly, once, and then quit. She shook the tree but nothing happened; the fireflies wouldn't light any more. Maybe they were dead.

She tried to tell him how the firefly tree had been meant to work, and had worked before she went to sleep. She wanted to make him see how pretty it had been, with the little lanterns lighting up all over it, on and off, on and off. But in a minute she knew it didn't sound like anything, just told in words. And she began to cry.

He took her in his arms, tangled his fingers in her hair, and let her cry against his chest. He said: "I believe that was the very nicest thing I ever knew anybody to do."

She realized then that she was actually close in his arms, there in the dim dark, and she forgot about the firefly tree; but she still pretended to cry a little, for a while more, so that he would keep on holding her. She thought: *He knows I'm not his sister. Shall I tell him now? Shall I tell him I know it, too?*

"Well, anyway," he finally said, "we can eat the cake."

They took it out on the stoop in the faint light of the waning moon. He sat with his back against the house and, when Rachel had cut the cake, she sat close by him, leaning against his shoulder, while they ate. Before they were through they ate it all.

They talked about how dry the ground was. Ben had been up at the source of the Dancing Bird and it was no more than a seep, though in the spring it was a little waterfall nearly two feet high and they called it The Falls.

Rachel admitted to Ben that whenever she was at the head of the creek she always looked for the bird Papa had

"I can afford to laugh at weekend traffic jams since I discovered this way round"

seen there that had given the stream its name. Ben laughed a little, but as much at himself as her. He said: "I always do, too." He added: "I sure miss Papa. He's four years gone, and yet this year I miss him more than I ever did before. We need him, Sis. We need him bad."

Now? she wondered. *Should I tell him now? "Sis." He knows I'm not that to him. He pretends it to please Mama, because he thinks I believe it. Is this the time to tell him?*

She was afraid. She could not remember ever having been so much afraid in her life. Ben was naturally good-natured, when not harassed or overworked too much. Maybe he hadn't minded being so nice to her as he had always been, so long as the pretence that they were brother and sister held up. But maybe he wouldn't like to think of her in any other way; maybe he wouldn't have any use for her at all.

"I miss Papa," Ben was saying. "He was all I ever knew to turn to when I didn't know what to do. I need him so many times. Rachel, Rachel honey, I'll never need him any more than I do this year."

Now? Shall I tell him now? Maybe I could become what he needs instead. But still she didn't know how to speak.

"He would have known what to do here," Ben said. "Papa knew how to face anything down."

"No," Rachel said. "If you'll think back, you'll remember things he turned his back on, trying to pretend they weren't there. You'll even remember things he never faced, but gave ground to, and drew away."

Now how does she know that? Ben thought. He was almost frightened for a moment. *How much does she know, and understand, that we think she's never suspected?* He decided to ignore it.

"He was a good man," he said. "The best man ever sat a horse. There'll never be another like him."

Her whisper was intense, rebellious. "That isn't true."

"What?"

"You're a better man than Papa ever thought of being."

"Rachel! Me?"

"You're steadier, and you hold on harder. You stick to your knittin', where Papa was always getting switched off. Papa could no more stay with what he was doing when the guns and saddles came out than a yearling hound. You're the one people can tie to, Ben—and count on always."

"I—but—why, Rachel. . . ." He was dumbfounded. "But you loved Papa—I know you did. Because——"

"I worshipped him. I would never have known he wasn't the best man in the world, if I hadn't known you. But you're the best man."

He was silenced; and she didn't know whether he was touched, or only shocked by her heresy.

Presently he leaned over and gently kissed her hair. He said softly: "I'm right glad you think that, anyway."

Now? Is this the time?

But he stood up, with an easy pull of one hand lifted her to her feet and said: "Now, you take care of everybody while I'm gone."

And it was time to get some sleep. . . .

After Ben was gone the summer ran on, and it was turning into one of the driest they had known since they had been on the Dancing Bird.

This year the things that had made Rachel's childhood happy didn't seem to interest her any more. She dug up extra household tasks for herself which in other years she had delayed as long as she could. She boiled down antelope blood to a stickum, and made a couple of quarts of percussion caps.

She was trying to forget another task that she knew she must some day undertake. No one had assigned it to her; indeed, she would be prevented if she were found out. Her restless industry was an attempt at escape, for she dreaded this thing, and even saw reason for physical fear. But she could not drive it from the back of her mind. . . .

July passed. Her time was running out. Rachel knew Ben might already be on his way home.

Then the grasshoppers came.

When the first great cloud of them appeared in the north Rachel didn't know what they were. They had heard of northern Texas being devastated by them in '68, but they had not amounted to anything on the San Saba.

The billions of grasshoppers rolled swiftly across the grassland, and only shreds and fibres were left where they touched. The cottonwoods along the Dancing Bird turned to skeletons, with only chewed tags and remnants of leaves left on the branches.

When they had passed, the cicadas resumed their metallic shrilling in the bare cottonwoods—what on earth did they find to eat? But the cattle were left standing in helpless bunches upon the stripped land, and the prairie moaned with their bawling.

Cash worked as though possessed. He sent riders in seven directions, hunting for belts and pockets of grass the grasshoppers might have missed. When these were found, the cows had to be moved to them, with the Rawlins rep on hand to see that his cattle got an even break.

Zeb Rawlins himself was in Fort Worth seeking a deal with somebody to put together a bunch of riders with which he wanted Jude to drive a herd to Wichita with the first cool weather. If word went down to him that he was coming out on the short end at home, he might be able to flood the Dancing Bird with gun-toting riders, and take over the whole range.

Cash still came in at night, or sent Andy, with three or four of their crack shots, but only a couple of hands were left home to sleep away the days. They had almost come into the first days of their next Kiowa moon.

"One day's work more," Cash kept saying, "and we'll have done what we could." Rachel had no excuse left then for further delay. She knew she must do the thing she had to do while the others were still busy and she could slip away unnoticed. So, early one morning, she saddled a fast pony and rode off.

She pointed downstream, and to the east, toward the Rawlinses. She had told herself she was going there to try to make peace with Hagar Rawlins. There was a bare chance that the men would draw back from a war if poor Effie's mother could be made friendly again. Her chance of getting through to Hagar was obviously not much but, if there was any chance at all, she could not forgive herself, ever, if she did not take it.

Or so she had told herself, and told herself again as she rode. Something else in the back of her mind was still unrecognizable in shadows; she would not look at it, or let it out into the light.

Nothing stirred around the Rawlins's place; the cabin was closed up, tight-shuttered against the morning heat, and the chimney was smokeless. Except for a few horses in the corral, the place might have been deserted.

Rachel did not tie. When she dismounted, she led her pony towards the door, keeping hold of him, for she was frightened now, more so with every step that she advanced. She felt all

CLOTHES—3

Judge not man by his clothes,
but by his wife's clothes.

Lord Dewar

ANGELA BUXTON

writes about the most dreaded opponents of Wimbledon tennis stars: pain and injury

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

but unable to face the ordeal she had laid out for herself.

Then, before she reached the door, it was suddenly snatched open, and Hagar came towards her, glaring at her with a total hostility. The sunlight was pitiless upon the deep lines and roughness of her face, and it was a death's-head face.

Rachel tried to speak, and could not. She wanted to turn, vault on to her horse, and get away, but not a muscle would move.

"You!" Hagar said. The word was voiceless, a rasping breath in her throat. She had not seemed to breathe at all, at first, but now she was breathing hard, almost gasping for air. "You!" she repeated. "You dare to come here?"

"I—only——" Rachel could not remember a word that she had ever thought of to say.

"You come here," Hagar said, "to this house. You come and stand afore me." She had regained her voice, though it shook, and the words seemed to choke her. "What blasphemy can there be that you would draw back from?"

Looking into the terrible eyes, Rachel was certain Hagar was insane. Yet she still stood there.

"Squaw!" Hagar accused her. "Ki'way squaw! Yet you stand here afore me?" Her voice still shook but rose strongly now. "Red squaw as ever was, yet you dare to face up to me? For now we know all. Your own kind put knife to my little girl at No Hope, yes, and stopped by your place as they rode to that butchery, didn't they? Boasted to you of what they would do—and from you rode straight to the massacre."

Overrun by Hagar's storm of words, Rachel was in bewilderment. But Hagar's raving still poured on.

"Oh, I know you now. Dear God in heaven, how I know you! For I know the work of red squaws when they be nigh a massacre and get a chance at the bodies. Had you been there you would have bloodied your hands like the others.

"But not again. All Texas knows the truth now, save those too blind to see. You will be struck from the face of this earth. You, and all your kin, and all who give you help or feed you—you'll be hunted and driven—" She turned blindly towards the door. "Rifle," she croaked, as if someone were standing there to hand it to her. "M' rifle—gi' me m' rifle. . . ."

The spell broke, and Rachel could leave there. Perhaps she could have moved before had not some unaccountable inner compulsion held her standing rigid to hear Hagar out. She had

A Song Of Summer

by JOHN BARRON MAYS

Butterflies
On pollen-dusty wings upborne
Meeting and kissing
Over the corn.

Gay poppies
Licking with scarlet silk lips
Round the edges of fields where
The leveret slips.

Cool rivers
Clattering on cobbles as they run
Through water-meadows
Asleep in the sun.

Woodpigeons
Cradled in leafy beds above
Sleepily croodling
Words of love.

Meadowlarks
Cutting through the ambient blue sea,
Their bright wake of music
Following me.

a scared moment in which her pony reared and spun away from her, spooked by her billowing skirt as she whirled. The leather burned through her fingers and she all but lost him. She made cast after cast of the split-rein, while the pony ran backward from her, and she stumbled over her skirt, unable to quieten him. But she got the rein over his neck at last and a foot in the stirrup; she was no better than lying across the saddle, but she was with him as he lit out.

No bullet came. Georgia Rawlins had finally got to her mother, from wherever she had been, and caught Hagar as she stumbled back toward the door. Hagar had got down a heavy rifle musket and was fumbling to seat its coiled Maynard primer.

"Ma—you can't," Georgia threw arms around her.

Hagar fought her daughter with an unnatural strength. Georgia's lip split as an elbow struck her mouth, and a rib cracked as the musket butt drove into her body. Yet she held on, and in a matter of moments Hagar's strength went out of her. She lost her grip on the musket and went to her knees. Georgia picked her up and carried her to her bed. . . .

By the time Rachel pulled up the pony was shaking as badly as she was, and all the wind was beaten out of both of them. It took her a while to recover herself sufficiently to take a look at what had happened.

Only one thing had happened really. Hagar had called Rachel a Kiowa squaw.

Strangely, she felt no real surprise. She could not remember that the possibility had ever come to the surface of her mind; certainly she had never consciously considered it. Yet some part of awareness must have been there. She found herself calm in the face of this answer; it was almost as though she had felt relief that the long mystery and foreboding were over.

I think, now, that I already knew it. I think I must have known it for a long time.

She unsaddled methodically. She walked into the house unexcited and unhurried; yet Matthilda knew what had happened in the first moment that she saw her.

This time Matthilda did not panic. She had known for quite a while that her struggle to stand off the inevitable was a hopeless one.

She said: "You've been to the Rawlinses."

Rachel nodded. Neither Cash nor Andy was home that day. Rachel and Matthilda were alone. And now they said what little had to be said.

"I should have told you the whole thing straight off, I guess," Matthilda admitted.

"Is this all of it this time?"

"Yes; this is all of it."

She told Rachel now how Papa had led a band of volunteers in pursuit of a party of Kiowa raiders who had cleaned out a whole string of isolated settlers. The raiders had captive children with them—seven or eight at first; Papa had sworn he would follow them as long as horses made tracks. He chased them all the way to their village, far up the Salt Fork of the Brazon, and whipped their warriors in a holding action they tried. He was less than an hour behind them, at one point, as the village got away.

That was when he found Rachel. Travelling villages carried all their stuff—children, old folks, everything—on drag litters, which were poles dragged behind a horse with a buffalo-hide hammock slung between. And there, between the tracks of the poles sat a white baby, less than one year old.

"What made you think I was a white girl?" Rachel asked coolly.

"It was perfectly obvious. It always has been. It was only long after, when Abe Kelsey got mad at Papa, that he started that other outlandish story."

Matthilda stated it as a simple fact because that was what it was to her, and always had been; for she had wanted it that way.

"Papa carried you more than two hundred miles in his arms," she said now. "Took him two weeks to get you home. How many wild cows he roped

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 23

by Commander Douglas Duff

Three seamen foretold their own death

On the morning of February 17, 1917, Captain Gordon Campbell and his crew of nearly a hundred were cruising the Atlantic in Q-5, hoping to decoy a U-boat into surfacing and attacking them. Q-5 was a tramp, converted into a "mystery ship" for wartime use, and sailing in her needed strong nerves and high courage.

It was eleven months since their last success, the sinking of the German submarine U-68, and captain and crew were tired of meandering across the ocean.

But on that February morning the coxswain, Truscott, was in cheerful mood. "We'll get a U-boat tomorrow, sir," he told the captain. "There was a land-bird trapped in your cabin today. Remember? There was one the day before we sank U-68."

Captain Campbell dismissed the news as mere coincidence, but the next afternoon Q-5 engaged and destroyed U-83. Q-5 was so badly damaged that, although it reached port, it could not be made serviceable again, and captain and crew transferred to the Pargust.

A few months later, on June 6, the captain again found a land-bird fluttering around his cabin —and the next day the Pargust engaged and sank UC-29. The Pargust was badly damaged and the crew transferred to the Dunraven.

On August 7, the Dunraven was cruising in the Atlantic, looking for trouble. The sea was calm, there was no wind, and a few scattered fog banks lay along the surface. During the afternoon, about three o'clock, the watch on deck saw a three-masted schooner, with shining new sails and a fresh-painted white hull, glide out of one fog bank and disappear into another about a mile away.

They saw no more of her, but Gordon Campbell abruptly silenced three men below the bridge, one of whom he overheard saying: "No birds in the skipper's cabin this time, mates. Naught but that ghost ship. I never before saw a sailing ship sailing without any wind. We've had our turn, mates."

By the evening of next day, the three men were dead, killed in action, the Dunraven was sinking and the U-boat which had attacked her had escaped.

No crew had ever been more richly decorated than Gordon Campbell's. In two years, they won five V.C.s, five D.S.O.s, ten D.S.C.s, thirty-two D.S.M.s and other decorations.

They were not the sort of men to be credulous or superstitious, yet the survivors of Campbell's crew all vouched for the three land-birds in the captain's cabin on the three days before victory, and they all agreed about the mysterious white sailing ship on the eve of disaster.

---

and milked to feed you, we'll never know. But Papa didn't mind. He loved you the minute he saw you. And always after. Even more than if——"

"If I was a captive child, why did nobody ever find out who I was?"

"Maybe we didn't try too hard—though we did do what we thought we ought to. But you were so dear and sweet, and we wanted you so. . . ."

"It doesn't matter any more," Rachel said.

"Of course not. I don't know what difference it would make even if that foolish story had been true. There's lots of Indian blood in some of the very finest southern families. I don't know how people get so upset."

Having seen Hagar, Rachel knew how. But she said again: "It doesn't matter."

Mama kissed her, and praised her for being so sensible. "You and I aren't going to be here, anyway, come winter. We have money now; it's time to see to your education. We'll visit a while in New Orleans first. After that, maybe Charleston; maybe Richmond."

So we're going to run, Rachel thought, *because now the truth has caught us up.* She said: "Could you ever really bring yourself to leave Ben, and Cash, and Andy?"

For a fraction of a moment then the glint of a tear threatened, but Matthilda forced it back. She was ready with this answer, too. She had often controlled her family by letting them see she was hurt; but she had expressed self-pity so seldom that she could use it now to confuse the trail.

"We must be crazy people," she said, "to live in a leaky mud hut at the utter end of desolation. The boys find their work here; emptiness has some strange pull for men on horses. But it's a dreadful thing to be a woman out on the prairie.

"A woman on the prairie is an unwanted thing, nothing but a burden and a tie-down, keeping the ones she loves from doing what they want to do. Cash will be gone soon, and Andy, too. But poor Ben—he'll feel he must stay by us, drawing into himself, and growing old too soon."

Rachel saw now how drawn Matthilda looked, how terribly tired. She made her lie down, and she sang the herd lullaby about the poor cowboy, shot five times right through his dang chest, until Matthilda smiled and dozed. Then she slipped away.

She never doubted for a moment now that she was of Kiowa blood. Too many things bore out Abe Kelsey's statement. She remembered how Matthilda had always kept at her to wear a sun-bonnet and cotton gloves when she went outdoors in the summer heat; how all the lemons they ever got hold of had been wasted trying to make creams to keep her bleached; how she had never been allowed to wear moccasins with beads, or any kind of Indian-looking thing.

The Kiowas had been stealing Spanish-Mexican women, and Texican women, for somewhere upwards of half a century. Many Kiowas had the same Spanish kind of olive skin as she had—maybe lighter than her own would be if she were out in the weather as much. And plenty of them had wavy chestnut hair, far less Indian than her own, which was straight black. . . .

She knew what she had to do now; at once, tonight, before Ben got home.

If only Cash and Andy would stay out one night more. . . .

Nightfall did not bring them home.

She located a sheath knife, and a belt that would carry it, and punched holes in the belt so that she could strap it on. It was all she was going to take with her. She had no destination, and no plan except to get away; to the west likely. Her brothers were trackers, but so was she, enough of one to know how to break her trail.

She had to get away. The Indians had come once, in peace, to buy her. Next time they would come in war to take her. Every moment she stayed longer in the Zachary house was a danger to all of them there.

That night, as she and Matthilda ate supper alone, she could not help thinking that she was eating in this house for the last time, and a lump hurt in her throat so that she could hardly swallow her food. But Matthilda was quiet, too, so that Rachel did not have to talk, and the failing light helped her not to give herself away.

They went to bed and Rachel lay listening for Matthilda's breathing to become regular, so that she could creep out of the house.

But that was the night the travails of Matthilda's life caught up with her. Something closed in, and something bore down, and something gave way.

Matthilda slept lightly, nervously. The twilight seemed to hold on for ever and, when at last it was gone the moon rose earlier and shone more brightly through the skeleton cottonwoods than they had expected of it so soon.

Four times before midnight Rachel stole out of the bedroom, and each time Matthilda came broad awake.

"Rachel—you up——"

"Drink of water. It's hot tonight."

Then Matthilda would like some water, too, so that she was fully waked up. And the patient waiting began all over again.

An hour after midnight Matthilda began to moan. Rachel thought her to be having a nightmare, and tried to get out of the room. But Matthilda's voice sounded, faint but wide awake, through the warm dark.

"I don't feel very good." It was almost a whimper. "I have the awfullest pain."

The pain seemed to be right in her middle, so they decided it was indigestion. Rachel closed the shutters and saw to it that the loopholes were all plugged so that she could build a fire. She set a kettle on, but lighted no candles, and fumbled by memory for the herbs she supposed she should put together, verifying them close to the fire. Finally she made a brew, believed to be good for indigestion, out of peppergrass, ginger, and some pinches of stuff such as mandrake root.

This concoction, brought scalding hot, must surely have been the worst thing she could have dished up, for it induced hard vomiting. A little later, before her breath was entirely recovered, Matthilda gave a long, cry of pain and went unconscious.

The next three hours went to make up the longest night Rachel had ever lived in her life. Matthilda regained consciousness in half an hour, but moaned continuously until daylight. She tried to lie quiet, but could not; the sounds were wrung out of her against her will.

Finally she took to putting words to the moans, in an effort to get control. "Oh, mercy, mercy. Oh, mercy me. Oh dear, oh dear me, oh deary, deary me. Oh, mercy, mercy." On and on for ever, without end. Sometimes she asked for water but, if she swallowed

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CLOTHES—4

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a mouthful, she could not keep it down.

When Cash and Andy rode in together, in the first dawn, Rachel knew she had never been so glad to see anybody before.

Matthilda tried to smile at them. "Something I ate," she whispered. They felt her forehead for fever, but she was wet with sweat. A little later she seemed to doze out of sheer exhaustion; or perhaps she lost consciousness, for her breathing sounded strange.

"Seems like a busted blood vessel," Andy thought. "In her chest."

"You don't know what it is any better than I do," Cash set him back. "All I know, it don't look like any natural kind of bellyache to me. I've got to get help."

Rachel was appalled. "All the way to—where?"

"I'll fetch Georgia Rawlins."

"They wouldn't let her come here if the world was falling down."

"She'll come."

Matthilda rested more easily after the sun came up. Her breathing became more natural, and she slept almost peacefully through the middle of the day.

Cash brought Georgia late in the afternoon. They came in at the gallop. Cash let Georgia down at the stoop, threw her saddle on the ground and turned loose her horse. "Got to look around a minute!" he shouted, and rode to the corral to get a fresh pony.

"What's the matter with him?" Andy asked.

"He's been fretty the last four miles," Georgia told them. "Something's spooked him. Didn't say what it was. Let's see your mother."

Matthilda had gone worse again, seemingly half conscious but unable to

recognize Georgia, and breathing with great labour. Georgia asked when it had begun, and looked overpowered. "This is bad. She's bust a blood vessel."

"I told you," said Andy.

"Shut up and fetch my saddle bags. We've got to quieten her. Keep her warm. Wish we could get dry sheets around her, but I don't dast mess with her. I sure hope I'm mighty wrong. She looks a whole lot like a goner."

Georgia pounded some dried leaves and pieces of root into a powder and made a tea of it. They got about half a cupful into Matthilda; it was the first liquid she had kept down so far.

"Make her sleep some, maybe," Georgia said. "Won't do no other good, though."

Rachel tried to find out how Georgia had got away from her mother.

"Ma? Never asked her."

"Don't she know you're gone?"

"Bound to. Saw me ride off."

"But what will you tell her when you go back? She'll kill you."

"Not me. Oh, she's game to pull a trigger, all right. But me, I'm all the girl she's got left."

That was the nearest they came to talking about Rachel's bad time with Hagar. Listening, they became aware that Matthilda's breathing was already quieter.

Rachel was impressed and Georgia explained that it seemed like there had been a power of sick folks around wherever she was. But she did not look confident; perhaps she was not entirely sure she had not killed Matthilda with her witch-woman herbs.

Then, suddenly, Andy roused them up, speaking in a low tone, but urgently.

"Stand over by the windows. No—one to each side. Get ready to bar them up. Not yet."

They could hear the hoofs of Cash's horse coming in, walking quietly. Standing by the windows, but out of line, they could not see Cash, but they knew he had given Andy some kind of signal.

"We got trouble," Andy told them. "But don't touch the shutters. We can't let on we know it lest they never let Cash get here."

He pulled the loophole plug from the door and stood behind it, ready to swing it open.

The sound of the walking hoofs came on, and on. How could hoofs so near approach for so long, yet never seem to get here?

Suddenly Andy swung the door wide and Cash bent low over the horn, jumped his horse across the stoop and into the room.

Andy slammed and barred the door behind him.

"Now fort up," Cash shouted.

To be continued next week

Spur of gold

Continued from page 9

lad lead him out on to the course. On the way he glanced up at the board and saw that he was drawn number four.

On the course the cheering began. He gave Shibboleth his head until they were past the stands, then pulled him into an easy canter, reserving his power for what was to come. The gelding moved over the turf like a summer breeze.

Now there was Follick, passing him on the far side. There was Bow Nash, riding the only other danger in the race, but not a very serious one. There was Carter, Smith and old Billy Green on the grey. Just ahead, outside the rails, a B.B.C. van was raising dust.

Three thousand pounds; fifteen thousand nicker at stake. He began to feel tense. By God, he'd better make sure. . . .

Then he was at the gate, riding under the tapes. He heard them come down behind him as he walked Shibboleth on, waiting for the rest of the field to come up.

And now they were in line, walking slowly towards the tapes. Then, twice as the starter raised his hand, Smith's little bay shied.

As they went round for the third time he noticed how tense he was. Follick was on his left, nearer the rails. Bow Nash was next but two, on the outside. He kept Shibboleth's nose dead in line. The gelding was pulling now.

The gate screeched up. They were *off*!

Bow Nash was through on the right, away to a flier. He kneed Shibboleth, drew almost level with Nash, looked over at Follick. The youngster was watching him, ready to take his time from the favourite. He quickened pace—hard, fast—until Follick and he were level, over against the rails. Nash was just behind them, but keeping up.

Coming up the incline, Nash spurted, just towards the end of it. He pulled Shibboleth wider, nearer to Nash, ready to hold him off so that Follick could get through. But the youngster was wary. He drew level with Shibboleth, but wouldn't pass.

Half-way. He made a spurt, now, wanting to thin out the field for when they came into the distance. Dutch Holland came up on the outside, fast, and he leaned down over Shibboleth's neck, turning on the heat. Follick moved up. They were close, too close, and the thrum of the hooves was like hailstones on a corrugated iron roof. Then Holland's effort faded. He looked at Follick again. The lad grinned.

A quarter of a mile to go.

Then Nash came up out of nowhere, going hard, hard, on the outside. Follick was after him. Then he went, too, and the gelding moved up, just squeezing in between the two of them.

Smoothly, he began to pull ahead. He moved slightly—very slightly—towards Nash, forcing him out, farther away from the rails. He stayed there, turned and saw Follick sitting high and steady over Minty's neck. The mare had plenty in hand.

Then they came into the distance, with the crowd on its toes, pressing against the rails. The stands were an open throat, yelling itself hoarse. Nash had begun to fade; his horse, as he'd expected, didn't have the stuff to keep the pace.

He looked round quickly. There was nobody near enough to be dangerous. He turned on the pressure then, and gave Follick a run for it. By God, everything had worked out beautifully. He began to ease in gradually towards the rails. Follick was still with him, with plenty in hand.

And there was the post in view! It was coming up. Nearer. Nearer. Why didn't Follick come through? He turned round, looked at Follick. Minty had plenty in hand.

Nearer . . . nearer . . . nearer. . . . He had to rein in now to let Minty through. Why didn't Follick come? He moved his hands right over on the reins, imperceptibly shortening stride.

He sat up, bolt upright then, throwing his weight on to Shibboleth's loins to kill his pace, but Follick still didn't come. He turned in the saddle again, and saw that the youngster wasn't going to, that he was holding, pretending to be going all out, but with a rein that was shortened like his own.

And then it was too late. Too late for Minty to come. It was over.

He was past the post; the winner. . . .

The shock of what had happened hit him, then. Down at the end of the dip he reined in—slowly, because his hands had gone limp—and turned, to see Follick there, waiting for him.

Then the anger took hold of him, coming up like a flame in his blood. By hell, three thousand quid! He put Shibboleth savagely into a canter, and reined up, sharp, in front of Follick.

"What the hell did you do that for?"

"Do what, Mr. King?"

"Hold off."

"I couldn't make it."

"You. . . ." His hand gripped the handle of his whip. He wanted to raise it, slash it hard across Follick's face.

"You deliberately held off."

The youngster turned away.

"You deliberately held off, damn you! I want to know why. I'm reporting you to the stewards."

The other turned his mount and began to walk briskly away up the course. But he overhauled him, leaned over and shouted: "Why did you do it, damn you? Why did you do it?"

Then Follick turned. Slowly he raised his head until their eyes were level. His face was red and his voice was hoarse. "If you want to know why, listen to *that*."

And then, as the champion looked in the direction indicated he became aware, quite suddenly, of the cheering. Two policemen on greys were coming out to meet him. All over the course the crowds were running towards him. Follick cantered on.

"Well ridden, Charlie!"

"Charlie is my darling."

"There'll never be another Charlie. . . ."

THEN suddenly he saw what his win had meant. He looked after Follick, realizing the tribute the youngster had paid him, and what it must have cost him. The anger dissolved, leaving him limp again. He lowered his head as the policemen drew near, swallowing hard on the lump in his throat. . . .

It was all over. Jeffreys put his kit into the back of the car and he started the engine. The gates were open now. He let in the clutch and moved slowly towards them.

He stopped just inside the gates and took out a cigarette. He felt tired. Then, looking about him for a match, he caught sight of his kit.

He paused, looked at it for a long time, then back over the course again. The sun was going down the summer sky; the papers tiptoed in the breeze.

Sharply, he stuck his head out of the window. "Jeffreys," he yelled.

The strapper came running.

He reached over to his grip, unfastened the whip, and handed it out through the window. "Give this to young Follick, will you? Tell him that I wanted him to have it."

He looked away even as he spoke, let in the clutch and moved off. Outside the gate a few people were still hanging about. Looking at them, he was suddenly glad he hadn't cheated them. One of them shouted: "Good luck to you, Charlie," as he drove up the road, into the sun.

Alone at last, he grinned ruefully. Anyway, Margaret would be pleased that he'd won. THE END

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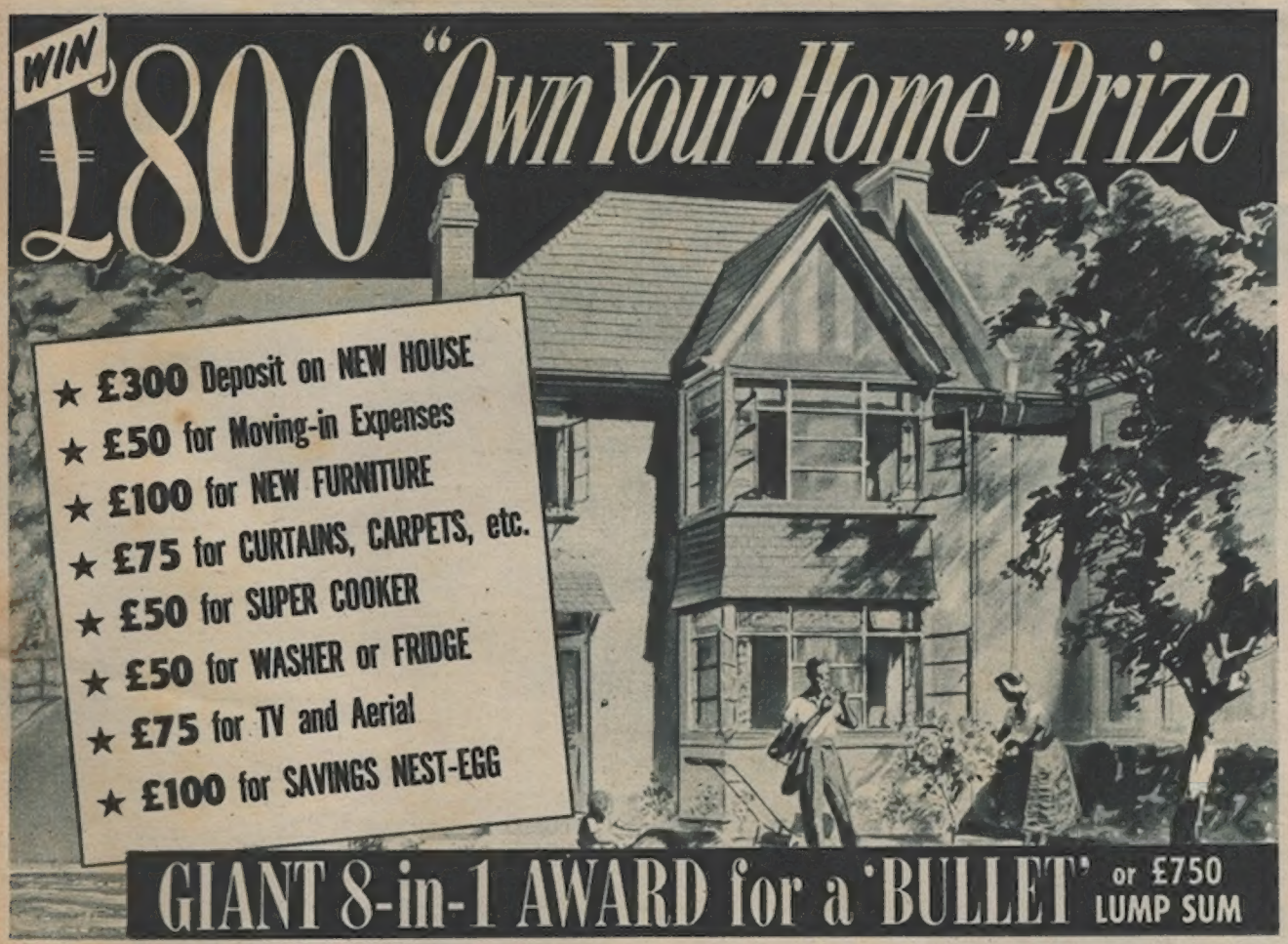

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 20, for early news of Bullets No. 2,097 result.)

Prosperity For John	
Boldness Pays, So	
To Buy A House	
What Woman Wants	
Scrape, Scrape, Scrape	
On With The Job And	
Race Against Time	
Cure For The Road-hog	
The Way To Ruin	
Bolshie In The Factory	
For Mother	
Modern Raleigh	
Where The Breakers Roar	
Reward Of The Brave	
Extra Energy	
When The Kettle Sings	
Unforgettable	
High And Mighty	
Changed His Tune	
The Lights Of Home	

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

On The	Front
Courting	
The	Of Things
Monument To	
Thirsting For A	
Before The	Came

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